"MY DARLING CLEMENTINE"

Screenplay

by

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FINAL SCRIPT
March 11, 1946

"MY DARLING CLEMENTINE"

FADE IN

1 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT

A scenic SHOT of open Arizona country. The horizon is afire with a setting sun. (On SOUND TRACK a male voice is singing "Oh, My Darling Clementine.") Perhaps the Main Title will be superimposed over this SHOT.

DISSOLVE:

2 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - CREST OF HILL

A lone cowhand, mounted on a horse, appears. He is dirty, dusty, trail-weary, with more than a stubble of beard on his face. He is MORGAN EARP, eldest of the four Earp brothers. Following behind him we see a longhorn steer...then another and yet another. Soon a herd of several hundred lumber into view. (The SONG continues on SOUND TRACK.)

3 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - WYATT EARP

Equally dirty and disreputable-looking. He is riding on one flank of the herd.

4 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - VIRGIL EARP

Bearded, tired, dusty. He is riding on the other flank.

5 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY

As the herd moves by..,a driverless chuck wagon tags along behind, a recently killed antelope hangs from the back of it. Two or three saddleless horses are haltered to the rear of the chuck wagon. Behind these horses rides JAMES. He is doing the singing. James is the youngest...a pleasant-faced youth of twenty and is distinguished from his brothers by the lack of a stubbly beard. As he rides along he is polishing a distinctive-looking Mexican silver brooch. Now and then he breathes on it, rubs it on his shirt front, scrutinizes it carefully, and resumes polishing it. As James rides by, CAMERA holds on the WHOLE herd as it moves westward.

6 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - ROCKY LEDGE - MED. SHOT

Seated in a buckboard hitched to a fleet-looking pony and observing the herd in the valley below, is OLD MAN CLANTON, a wizened, hard-bitten, bearded old-timer. With him is his oldest son IKE, a big bullish man. Both study the herd speculatively.

7 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - MORGAN

Shading his eyes with his hand, he looks back toward the setting sun. From around his neck he unwinds a lady's stocking. At one time it had been white. As he unwinds it we see printed on its length: "GREETINGS EROM DODGE CITY." He takes his rifle from his scabbard and slips part of the stocking over the barrel of his rifle...raises the rifle skyward and moves it to and fro..signal fashion.

8 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - WYATT

He sees the waving stocking. He spurs his horse and rides toward Morgan.

9 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - VIRGIL

He, too, sees the waving stocking and urges his horse toward Morgan.

10 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - JAMES

He looks up from polishing his brooch...sees the waving stocking and starts away toward Morgan.

11 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY

Morgan rides to one side of the herd and awaits the coming of his brothers.

12 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - THE CLANTONS

An idea matures in old man Clanton's mind. He nods to Ike who whips the horse and they ride away in the direction of the herd.

13 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - MED. SHOT (PROCESS)

Morgan is standing to one side of the moving herd. His brothers ride into SHOT.

MORGAN
(to Wyatt)
Sun's goin' down fast.

VIRGIL
I'm for makin camp right here and now.

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

JAMES
Near an hour of daylight left. Let's push on.

VIRGIL
(to James)
What's tearin at you? Nancy'll be waitin -- no matter when we get home.

JAMES
Nancy is none of your ---

MORGAN
Quit laying into each other.

WYATT
(looks about him)
Like to get to the other side of that wash.

VIRGIL
What difference? One side's good as another.

WYATT
Not if the clouds open up all of a sudden. The other bank is higher.

VIRGIL
Not a cloud in five thousand miles.

WYATT
In this country -- they come up faster than a herd of stampedin buffaloes. We'll go on a ways.

VIRGIL
Dawg-busted -- I'm plumb tired.

MORGAN
(with a smile)
You're plumb lazy.

VIRGIL
You, Morgan Earp -- you quit or I'll --

MORGAN
(amused)
You'll what?

VIRGIL
I'll -- er, well, someday --

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont. 1)

WYATT
Someday Morg might take a notion to call you on one of your empty dares, Virg, and then where'll you be at? The way I figger it, there's nothin more embarrassin than for a man to be left sprawled out -- smack in the middle of an empty dare.

OLD MAN CLANTON'S VOICE
Howdy!

All four look off as into SHOT drive Old Man Clanton and Ike. The Earps mutter "Howdy."

OLD MAN CLANTON
Nice lookin beeves you got there. My name's Clanton. Who's bossin this outfit?

MORGAN
There ain't none.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Them ain't mavericks -- somebody owns 'em.

WYATT
We all do. Me and my brothers.

OLD MAN CLANTON
If you ain't got 'em committed to no shipper -- I'll take 'em off your hands.

WYATT
Not interested. We're takin 'em through to California.

IKE
They'll be a mighty scrubby-lookin lot -- time you get there.

WYATT
They'll feed out.

IKE
There's near a thousand miles ahead and rough goin all the way.

WYATT
We'll make it.

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont. 2)

OLD MAN CLANTON
I tell you, son, this country's full of rustlers -- and more than a helping of Injuns.

WYATT
Yeah, I know.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Make you a darned good offer. I'll pay in silver in the Tombstone bank. Three dollars a head.

VIRGIL
We paid twelve!

OLD MAN CLANTON
They rooked you! I'll make it <u>five</u> dollars a head.

MORGAN
(firmly)
My brother said he ain't interested.

OLD MAN CLANTON
All right. I ain't pressin any fat profits onta a fella -- who is blamed fool enough --

WYATT
You've just about run out of <u>thinkin</u> talk, mister.

Old Man Clanton backs down under the granite stares of the Earp brothers.

OLD MAN CLANTON
All right, son -- but you'll --

WYATT
Good day, sir.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Good day!
(tries to back down gracefully)
Pay us a visit in Tombstone. Just over the rise. Fine town. Well, good luck to you.

Old Man Clanton nods to Ike who urges the horse forward. The buckboard rides out of SHOT.

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont. 3)

MORGAN
Cussedy lookin' coots.

WYATT
Yeah.

As they start away after the herd, we

DISSOLVE:

14 EXT. CAMPFIRE - GROUP SHOT - EARP BROTHERS (NIGHT)

Morgan, Wyatt and Virgil are sprawled around the campfire. Morgan is puffing on his pipe; Wyatt is rolling a cigarette. James is busy collecting the tinware, etc.

MORGAN
(patting his stomach)
Reckon that's the best antelope steak I've had in many a moon.

VIRGIL
Sure was good.

WYATT
You might talk loud enough so's the kid can hear that.

MORGAN
Huh? Oh yeah, sure.
(louder to James)
That sure was good cooked steak, James!

JAMES
Thanks.

James takes out his brooch and begins to polish it.

VIRGIL
There's just so much you can do with brass, James.

JAMES
(hurt)
Brass.

VIRGIL
Sure. Brass dipped in silver.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.)

JAMES
(holding up brooch)
It's stamped right here -- solid silver -- plain enough for any man jack to read.

MORGAN
That don't prove nothin.

WYATT
(pointedly to Morgan)
Proves James can read.

Morgan frowns -- amused.

JAMES
You believe it's silver, don't you, Wyatt?

WYATT
They're just dry-jokin you, kid.

MORGAN
Sure, kid -- and Nancy's gonna like it fine.

JAMES
Hope so. Paid near a hundred for it.
(worriedly)
I wish it would stay shiny longer.
(breathes on brooch)

VIRGIL
Maybe it would -- if you'd stop breathin on it.

JAMES
I wish I had me some good silver polish.

MORGAN
Make some.

JAMES
How, Morg?

MORGAN
Well, er -- just mix two parts of coyote spit with one part of ground buffalo hoofs. Make any tarnish shine.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.1)

VIRGIL
Sure. Wyatt'll shoot you a buffalo and Morg'll trap you a coyote... and...

WYATT
...and you'll teach the coyote to spit.

Virgil frowns...amused. After a pause.

VIRGIL
(to Wyatt, rising)
What do you say we ride over to Tombstone? Maybe get ourselves a shave and look the town over.

WYATT
You and Morg go. I'll stay here with the kid.

MORGAN
I'll stay.

JAMES
Don't need no one to stay. Got me a letter to finish to Nancy. I want to post it in Tucson day after tomorrow.

VIRGIL
(rising)
Come on, Wyatt.

MORGAN
(rising)
Yeah. Come on. I'd like to play me a little poker.

WYATT
(scratches his beard)
Looks like I'm outvoted.
(rises)

As the men start away, we

DISSOLVE:

15 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - MOVING SHOT WITH THE EARPS - (NIGHT)

As they ride slowly down the main drag, taking in the sights, there is plenty to see and hear. Tombstone, in its heyday, had the well-earned reputation of being the roughest, toughest, widest-open town in the country. Mushroomed up against a fabulous silver strike, it was like a magnet to the diverse elements: prospectors, merchants, gamblers, cowhands, professional tough guys... The only thing it didn't have was law and order. Come sundown, business stops and celebration begins. It is well under way as we come into town. Morgan, Wyatt and Virgil glance around interestedly as they move down the street. From the honky-tonks come the SOUND of tinny pianos. They continue on, taking everything in. They swerve their horses to avoid a group of mounted cowhands who come whooping down the street, guns out, shooting into the air in what passes in Tombstone for youthful exuberance. Steadying their horses, they proceed on down the street. Suddenly the door of a chop house bursts open and a white-coated Chinaman hurtles out, followed by several noisy cowhands. As the Chink flees across the street, one of the cowhands shoots a pattern about his feet. The cowhands roar with laughter and re-enter the chop house.

16 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - MOVING GROUP SHOT - MORGAN, WYATT AND VIRGIL

The Earps, momentarily held up, continue down the street. At a distance behind them, a quick volley of shots rings out and quickly ceases. They glance back over their shoulders, but there is nothing to be seen.

MORGAN
Keep a man busy -- stayin' alive in this town.

VIRGIL
There's the barber shop over there.

They ride up to the barber shop, dismount and tether their horses.

17 EXT. BARBER SHOP - (NIGHT)

It features a fancy glass window accentuated by florid gold lettering that reads:

"BON TON TONSORIAL PARLOR"

The Earps approach the door of the shop and enter.

18 INT. BARBER SHOP - (NIGHT)

Sitting before a framed mirror is one barber chair. It is a very ornate and impressive-looking affair. The short, timid little BARBER looks like a dwarf by comparison.

BARBER
Good evening, gentlemen.

The Earp brothers mutter "evening."

BARBER
Welcome to the Bon Ton Tonsorial Parlor.

WYATT
(unbuckling his gun belt)
Bon Ton Tonsorial Parlor, eh?
(to his brothers)
That's a barber shop with a college education.

The barber laughs -- giving the remark more than it deserves.

BARBER
He, he, he! Now, that's a good one. Yes sir, that's a prize. Which one of you gentlemen is first?

MORGAN
Go ahead, Wyatt.

Wyatt gets into the chair. Morgan regards his face in the mirror, picks up a pair of scissors and starts trimming his beard down by snipping off hunks here and there. Virgil sits down on a wooden bench and picks up "THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH," the local newspaper. The barber proudly works the lever, precipitating Wyatt backward abruptly.

BARBER
Don't know how to work it so good yet. Only had it a week. Cost plenty. Come all the way from Chicago. Had it hauled in here --

WYATT
Shave, please.

BARBER
Yes sir -- yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

The barber chair of that vintage wasn't made to drop back very far. This barber, being very short, has to step up on a small wooden box in order to reach his customer's face. This he does. From his pocket he takes his clippers and begins trimming Wyatt's beard down.

BARBER
(making conversation)
Big doin's over at the Grand Central mine. Got their stamp mill agoin and they're runnin full blast. You with them?

WYATT
No.

BARBER
With Contention?

WYATT
No.

BARBER
The Lucky Cuss mine, eh?

WYATT
We aren't miners.

BARBER
Prospectors, eh?

WYATT
Cattlemen -- just passin through here.

BARBER
(the Rotarian)
That's too bad. Ought to join our fair community. Lots of activity here.

VIRGIL
There sure is. Listen to this:
(reads)
Tombstone is growing rapidly but it is getting to be a question whether the city or the cemetery will be the larger. Yesterday Big Nose Jackson was buried in Boot Hill. He was shot to death by an unknown party. Our Coroner, who is also the Assayer, rendered the following verdict:

"Body rich in lead.
Too badly punctured
to hold whiskey."

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.1)

BARBER
Oh, this town is sure a busy little beehive.

A series of shots ring out from across the street, mixed with shouts and female screams. The barber, rubbing soap into Wyatt's beard, looks uneasily about.

MORGAN
Seems the bees are busy making honey right now.

Virgil and Morgan glance over across the street. Every so often a shot or two is heard, followed by an Indian war whoop and answered by more screams.

WYATT
What's goin on out there?

BARBER
It's over in Mrs. Nelson's Boarding House for Ladies.

WYATT
Ladies boardin' house, huh?

VIRGIL
(looking out of the window)
Somebody's on a rampage and emptyin the place.

A shot rings out and shatters the window and the mirror on the wall. Virgil and Morgan duck back against the wall. Wyatt rolls out of the chair and joins the barber who is lying prone on the floor.

BARBER
Oh, dear -- oh, dear. Two windows and two mirrors in two weeks.

WYATT
What kind of a town you got here? A man can't even get a shave without having his head blown off.

Another shot rings out and smashes the remainder of the mirror. The barber has had enough. He crawls on his hands and knees to the rear door and beats it. The shooting has stopped. Now men's voices become audible.

19 EXT. NELSON BOARDING HOUSE - (NIGHT)

In the middle of the street and directly in front of a two-story adobe house, a crowd of townspeople are gathered around the marshal -- evidenced by his badge. On the roof, the "ladies," are huddled -- screaming bloody murder. KATE NELSON, a stout, elderly woman dressed in rich black satin and heavily bejeweled, the owner of the "boarding" house, is trying to calm the "ladies."

KATE
Quiet down, young ladies, or I'll take the whip to you!
(to marshal below)
You there, Ed Lacey, what kind of a marshal are you -- standin there and lettin that boozed-up Indian shoot up my boardin house?

MARSHAL
He don't belong in there in the first place.

The MAYOR bustles through the crowd. A drunk, THE TOWN DRUNK, is present, and enjoying the proceedings very much.

TOWN DRUNK
Got a great shindig a-goin, Mayor. Better'n last night. Gettin better'n and better'n...and better'n!

The Mayor shoves the Drunk aside and approaches the Marshal.

MAYOR
What's up, Ed?

KATE
I'll tell you what's up, Jess Crum. You and your councilmen ain't able to give us law abidin citizens proper police pertection -- that's what's up. You get busy and find us a new marshal or we'll got busy and find us a new mayor.

The crowd, led by the Town Drunk, cheer Kate's speech.

MAYOR
Keep your shirt on, Kate. Well, Ed, you know your duty.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

MARSHAL
It's Indian Charlie in there -- drunk -- and I ain't committin suicide on myself.

The Marshal takes off his badge and hands it to the Mayor. A few more shots ring out and the crowd in the street all sprawl. Only the Town Drunk remains on his feet.

TOWN DRUNK
On to Chickamauga!

His cheer is echoed by a series of war whoops coming from inside the house. The last whoop is cut off abruptly -- followed by a moan. The street crowd slowly rises in silent wonderment. Soon Wyatt appears in the doorway of the boarding house, dragging the unconscious Indian by his heel. He drops him at the Mayor's feet.

WYATT
Better get a doctor to look after his skull. Afraid maybe I put a little too much heft behind that rock.

Wyatt casually exits toward the barber shop. His accomplishment gradually sinks in. The crowd and the "ladies" led by the Town Drunk, cheer. The Mayor hurries after Wyatt and catches up to him.

MAYOR
That was quite a job you done, mister. Stranger here, ain't you?

WYATT
Just passin through and trying to get me a relaxin little shave.

MAYOR
You wouldn't consider stayin on here -- as Marshal, I mean?

WYATT
No.

MAYOR
Two hundred a month goes with this badge.

WYATT
Not interested.

MAYOR
Make it two fifty.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont. 1)

WYATT
Not interested.

They have reached the barber shop door. Wyatt spies the barber peering from behind the side wall.

WYATT
Hey, Mr. Bon Ton ... How about finishing my shave?

BARBER
Sure thing, sir.

The barber enters the shop.

MAYOR
Won't reconsider at any price, eh?

WYATT
No... thanks.

MAYOR
(extends his hand)
Well...I want to thank you, Mr. --

WYATT
(shakes his hand)
Earp. Wyatt Earp.

MAYOR
Not by any chance the marshal from Dodge City?

WYATT
Ex-marshal.

Wyatt re-enters the shop. The Mayor very impressed, rushes in after him.

20 INT. BARBER SHOP

Wyatt gets back in the chair and the barber nervously begins to soap Wyatt's face as the Mayor continues his pitch.

MAYOR
We need a man like you around here, Mr. Earp. Take on the job of marshal and you can name your own figure. We'll pay you twice what you got in Dodge City --

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

WYATT
Sorry, Mayor, but I'm all through with marshalin. Me and my brothers here -- got us some cattle and we're goin back home to California.

MAYOR
There ain't the money in cattle that we're ready to pay you.

WYATT
Maybe not. But it keeps comin in longer.

MAYOR
But, Mr. Earp --

MORGAN
How many different ways you want him to tell you he ain't interested?

MAYOR
All right. Perhaps you'll think it over.

WYATT
Right now, I got but one thing on my mind -- a nice relaxin shave.

On this line, the Barber presses the lever and the chair lurches back -- nearly knocking Wyatt's head off.

BARBER
Don't know how to work it so good yet.

WYATT
(rubbing the back of his neck)
Might try practicin on yourself.

DISSOLVE:

21 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - MORGAN, WYATT, VIRGIL (NIGHT)

The Earps, now clean shaven save for mustaches, are riding back to camp. The darkness is shattered by a jagged streak of lightning followed by a boom of thunder. Rain starts pouring down. They pull up their collars and spur their horses into a fast gallop.

DISSOLVE:

22 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - MORGAN, WYATT, VIRGIL (NIGHT)

The Earps approach their camp and slow down. As they ride into the camp, a flash of lightning illuminates the scene. They pull up short -- frozen at what they see:

23 EXT. CAMP - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT)

JAMES is hanging grotesquely from his horse, one foot hooked to a stirrup, his head and shoulders sprawled awkwardly on the ground. The cattle are gone. A smoking fire completes the tableau. The three brothers ride slowly into SHOT, dismount and gather around James. By the look on their faces, they and we know that James is dead. They look down at him a long second in shocked silence. Morgan gently unhooks James' boot from the stirrup and lowers him to the ground. Virgil takes a rolled-up slicker from behind the saddle of James' horse and spreads it over his brother's body.

WYATT
(hardly audible)
In the back --

Virgil and Morgan nod grimly. They stand there looking down in numbed silence as the rain drops spatter down on the slicker. After a while --

WYATT
Somebody'll have to write to Pa --

A pause follows.

VIRGIL
Nancy, too. We got to let her know --

Another pause.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

MORGAN
Maybe we ought to wait till we get home.

Yet another pause.

WYATT
Be a while yet -- maybe.

MORGAN
(reading Wyatt's thoughts)
Gonna be tough pickin' up their trail.

WYATT
(looks around)
No use tryin'.
(to Morgan)
You and Virg look after James. I'll be back.

Wyatt mounts his horse...rides slowly by James' body... gives a lingering look and disappears into the rainy night. CAMERA MOVES TO A CLOSE SHOT of the covered body -- the rain beating down on it and running off the slicker in little rivulets.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - MANSION HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Raining. Wyatt dismounts, ties his horse and enters the hotel.

DISSOLVE:

25 INT. MANSION HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - DOOR (DOLLY)

Wyatt's hand comes into SHOT and knocks on a bedroom door. CAMERA PULLS BACK disclosing Wyatt. After a pause...he knocks again...and again.

MAYOR'S VOICE
Coming...coming!

After a moment...the door opens, revealing the sleepy-eyed mayor in a long nightgown...holding a kerosene lamp in his hand.

MAYOR
What's up? Oh, it's you, Mr. Earp.

WYATT
Is that marshal's job still open?

MAYOR
Sure is.

25 (Cont.)

WYATT
I'll take it.

MAYOR
You will? That's great! Come in, Mr. Earp.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the mayor and Wyatt into a small bedroom. As they walk...

WYATT
Providin' my brothers are my deputies.

MAYOR
Done. When do you want to start?

WYATT
Now.

MAYOR
Good. No time like the present. Raise your right hand.
(Wyatt does)
Do you swear to uphold the Constitution of the United States, the laws of the Territory of Arizona and of the City of Tombstone?

WYATT
I do.

MAYOR
Then by my authority as mayor, I appoint you marshal of Tombstone.
(shakes hands)
Congratulations, Marshal...congratulations. I can't tell you how much this means to us folks.

WYATT
Much obliged. Goodnight.

MAYOR
Goodnight and God bless you.

Wyatt exits.

DISSOLVE:

26 INT. MANSION HOUSE - STAIRCASE TO LOBBY (NIGHT)

As Wyatt comes down the staircase into the small lobby Old Man Clanton and his four sons enter from the street.

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)

We have met the big bullish Ike before. His brother PHIN is tall, thin, with hollow cheeks; SAM is tough and sturdy. The youngest, BILLY, is a flashy-looking kid about twenty. One of the boys carries a muddy pair of saddlebags -- all carry their rifles. All are dripping wet and show signs of having finished a hard ride. As Wyatt comes down...they are slapping the rain off their hats and slickers.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Howdy.

WYATT
G'evenin.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Ain't you from the outfit I ran into by the wash?
(Wyatt nods)
Jerusalem! You look most different with your beard off. Change your mind about my offer?

WYATT
Had it changed for me.

OLD MAN CLANTON
That so?

WYATT
Our herd was rustled and my brother killed.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Warned you somethin like that would happen. It figgered that way.

WYATT
You sure called the turn, Mr. Clanton.

IKE
What are you gettin at, Mister?

OLD MAN CLANTON
Shut up, Ike.
(to Wyatt)
My boys - Ike - Phin - Sam - and Billy.

The men acknowledge the introductions by nodding.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Sure sorry you ran into such bad luck, son. Got any idea who did the job?

26 (Cont. 1)

WYATT
Might have.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Anyone hereabouts?

WYATT
Maybe.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Well, if you need any help, call on us. Us cattlemen gotta stick together. Come and take a whiskey?

WYATT
Thanks. Some other time.

Wyatt starts to go.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Stayin around a while?

WYATT
(turns - stops)
A while. Got myself a job here.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Cattle punchin'?

WYATT
No. Marshalin'.

The Clantons exchange almost amused looks.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Our new marshal, huh? Well, good luck to you, Mister ---

WYATT
Earp. Wyatt Earp. Goodnight.

The Clantons freeze. Obviously Wyatt's name and fame is known to the Clantons. As Wyatt exits we leave the Clantons looking after him soberly and thoughtfully. Ike, his rifle at ready, walks to the door and stands there looking ominously into the dark street.

FADE OUT

27-29 OUT

FADE IN

30 EXT. JAMES' GRAVE - CLOSE SHOT - MARKER (DOLLY) (DAY)

CAMERA COMES IN on a CLOSE SHOT of a wooden marker supported by a mound of rocks. The painted inscription reads:

JAMES WARREN EARP
Born Feb. 4, 1862
Died April 10, 1882

WYATT'S VOICE
Eighteen sixty-two -- eighteen eighty-two.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Wyatt (wearing his badge) seated on a rock by the lonely grave. His horse stands placidly by.

WYATT
Didn't get much of a chance -- did you, kid?

He collects a handful of sand and lets it sift slowly through his fingers.

WYATT
I wrote to Nancy and Pa. They'll both be all busted up over it. Nancy is young. But Pa -- guess he'll never get over it. Well --

Wyatt rises -- adjusts one of the stones leaning against the marker -- then stands looking down at the grave.

WYATT
I'll be out again, James. So will Morg and Virg. We're gonna be around here awhile. Maybe when we leave this country -- kids'll be able to grow up -- and marry -- and -- and live safe.

He reaches down, pulls up a weed by its roots.

WYATT
I'll see to that if it's the last thing I ever see to --

As he tosses the weed aside and starts toward his horse, we

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - MOVING SHOT - WYATT (DAY)

This is the first time we have seen the town during the day with all the frantic hustle and bustle of a boom town mushrooming out of the desert. The street is jammed with activity. New frame one-story business buildings are being hammered together in gaps left between bars and honky-tonks. Covered wagons -- some drawn by horses, others by oxen -- laden with families and their household effects lumber through the busy town. Here and there kids dart across the street followed by yapping dogs at their heels.

As Wyatt rides down the street, he notices a stagecoach coming toward him. As the stagecoach comes alongside him -- it stops. Seated on top next to the driver is Morgan wearing a deputy marshal's badge -- shotgun across his lap. They wave a greeting.

WYATT
Where you off to?

MORGAN
Benson. Haulin a load of silver bullion.

WYATT
Where's Virgil?

MORGAN
Packin the jail with ornery drunks.
(grins)
Reckon he's got half the town corralled.

WYATT
Do 'em good.

MORGAN
So long! Be back this evenin!

WYATT
Good luck!

They wave. The stagecoach pulls out of SHOT. Wyatt continues down the street. When he comes opposite the BIRD CAGE OPERA HOUSE -- he sees the owner tacking up a large poster. Wyatt stops to read it.

HERE FOR TONIGHT ONLY
GRANVILLE THORNDYKE & COMPANY
In
"THE CONVICT'S OATH"
A BLOOD CHILLING DRAMA
NEW YORK'S LAWLESS TENDERLOIN
CURTAIN RISES 10 P.M. SHARP

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

The OWNER notices Wyatt and walks up to him.

THEATRE OWNER
Mornin' Marshal. Coming to the show tonight?

WYATT
Hadn't figured on it.

THEATRE OWNER
Wish you would. Them tenderloin plays work havoc with my customers. They're full of knifins and killins. Last week one of the miners shot the villain right in the middle of the second act.
(sadly)
Had to go on and do my bird imitations. Customers are gettin kinda tired of 'em.

WYATT
(pleasantly)
I'll look in on you.

THEATRE OWNER
Much obliged.

The Tombstone-Tucson Stage rattles down the street. Wyatt continues on down to meet it.

32 EXT. MANSION HOUSE

As the stage clatters to a stop. Wyatt, the Town Drunk and various other town characters are on hand to meet it. First to get out are two slick looking characters whom we shall identify as SAM and WINSTON. Winston carries with him a small cardboard suitcase. Wyatt's eyes narrow as he sees them. Wyatt steps up to them.

WYATT
Not figurin on stoppin off -- are you?

WINSTON
That all depends on how good business will be here.

WYATT
(shakes his head)
Bad.

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

SAM
We heard the town is hungerin for gents' furnishin's.

WYATT
Gents' furnishin's, huh?

WINSTON
Yeah. High grade merchandise. Celluloid collars, ties, shirts --

SAM
Got a fancy striped one for you, marshal.

WYATT
Let's see it.

Wyatt swings out a long leg and gives the suitcase a sharp kick. It springs open and out spills sundry gambling equipment: packs of cards -- shells -- and many pairs of dice. The latter all have come to rest on sevens.

TOWN DRUNK
(awe-stricken)
All sevens!

WYATT
(to gamblers)
Get goin ...and don't come back.

The gamblers -- frightened -- hurriedly re-enter the coach.

THEATRE OWNER
(to STAGECOACH DRIVER)
Didn't you bring the actors?

STAGECOACH DRIVER
Ain't seen none, Harry. Just one fella --
(looks about him quizzically)
Ain't he come out?

The stagecoach driver goes to the coach -- looks in.

33 INT. STAGECOACH - CLOSE SHOT - THORNDYKE

Seated in a corner -- an empty whisky bottle in his hand -- and asleep, is GRANVILLE THORNDYKE.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

STAGECOACH DRIVER'S VOICE
Hey, you! Wake up -- we're here.

Thorndyke -- moves slightly and continues sleeping. The driver reaches in and pokes him -- until he awakens.

STAGECOACH DRIVER
Wake up. We're here.

THORNDYKE
(with an air)
We're where, sir?

STAGECOACH DRIVER
In Tombstone.

THORNDYKE
Of what possible interest would that information be to me?

STAGECOACH DRIVER
Tombstone. That's where you're headin for, ain't it?

THORNDYKE
I hope not.
(suddenly recalls)
Tombstone? Upon my word -- I was so engrossed in my thoughts --
(sees whisky bottle -- and hurriedly buries it behind him)

Thorndyke tries to rise -- finds it a bit difficult -- extends his hand. The driver pulls him forward.

THORNDYKE
Thank you, my good fellow.
(to the gamblers)
Bon voyage, my merry gentlemen.

34 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - MED. SHOT - STAGECOACH & CROWD

Thorndyke comes out of the coach.

THEATRE OWNER
Are you one of the actors?

Thorndyke adjusts his cape -- puts a monocle in his eye, and looks contemptuously at the theatre owner.

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.)

THORNDYKE
I am Granville Thorndyke, sir -- owner, manager of the world famous Granville Thorndyke Repertoire Company.

THEATRE OWNER
Yeah. But where is it?

THORNDYKE
Where is what?

THEATRE OWNER
The company.

THORNDYKE
Ah!
(sighs)
A most unfortunate mishappenstance. The leading lady of the company -- my wife -- ran off with a tightrope walker. The only consolation in this appalling tragedy is that he has her now, instead of me.

THEATRE OWNER
Look, Thorndyke -- the Bird Cage is sold out for "The Convict's Oath." In this town the customers --

THORNDYKE
Grieve not -- my good fellow -- for tonight I shall make theatrical history in dramatic highlights from the masterpieces of the Immortal Bard of Avon!

THEATRE OWNER
Recitations?

THORNDYKE
Gads, man! Declamations! Soliloquies!

THEATRE OWNER
All right. And you better be good. The boys around here shoot straight.

Thorndyke gives this remark a take as the theatre owner exits.

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont. 1)

THORNDYKE
(to driver)
Er -- perhaps I'd better continue my journey.

WYATT
Don't worry none, Mr. Thorndyke. There won't be any shootin.

THORNDYKE
No? Oh, er -- thank you, marshal. That's indeed gratifying. In that case may I make inquiry if there is an inn close by where I might moisten my parched throat?

TOWN DRUNK
I can lead you right to it!

THORNDYKE
(to town drunk)
Fine. -- And I'll be delighted if you'll join me.

WYATT
So will he.

Thorndyke and the town drunk start to exit.

STAGECOACH DRIVER'S VOICE
Hey! Your suitcase!

Thorndyke and the town drunk stop as the driver enters with a suitcase. He sets it down and exits.

THORNDYKE
Thank you, my good fellow.

The town drunk picks it up and they start away. Suddenly Thorndyke turns -- excitably.

THORNDYKE
Wait! My skull! I forgot my skull!

Everyone looks on puzzled -- as Thorndyke rushes up to the coach, opens the door and enters.

35 INT. STAGECOACH - MED. SHOT

Thorndyke reaches into a corner of the coach and takes hold of a well-worn paper bag in which is a weighty object.

36 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - STAGECOACH

Thorndyke backs out of the stagecoach.

THORNDYKE
My skull! I couldn't do without it!

He swings the bag -- enthusiastically -- happy that he hadn't forgotten it. The bag tears open and a human skull falls to the ground.

THORNDYKE
Oh, dear -- dear.
(picks up the skull)
That's Yorick. Been in the family for years.
(to town drunk)
Well! Lay on, MacDuff; the cordial julep beckons us!

Holding the skull aloft, Thorndyke exits after the town drunk -- leaving Wyatt looking after them amused. At this point Old Man Clanton and his sons ride by.

OLD MAN CLANTON
(waving)
Howdy, Marshal!

Wyatt waves mechanically and intently watches them as they ride down the street.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

37 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

This is TOMBSTONE'S largest, gayest and gaudiest saloon. In addition to a long bar with several bartenders -- there are tables -- at which are seated cowhands, prospectors, miners, etc. Numerous dance hall girls are in evidence. At one end of the saloon is a small stage. Before it is an upright piano. At the other end of the place are gaming and card tables.

38 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - STAGE - PIANO

The piano player finishes a drink from a beer glass and strikes a chord to gain quiet. In front of the curtain -- highly decorated with a lurid scene -- steps the PROPRIETOR.

PROPRIETOR
Ladies and gentlemen!

The place quiets down a bit.

PROPRIETOR
Chihuahua! The sweetheart of the southwest!

The announcement is greeted by cheers. The piano player plays a few introductory bars of music as the curtain rolls up -- and Chihuahua comes on stage. She is a very tasty dish indeed, dark, sultry and beautiful. Her dress accentuates all that nature has bestowed upon her. As she makes her appearance, the crowd gives her a hand and a rousing cheer. She smiles and waves a greeting.

39 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - MED. SHOT - BILLY CLANTON

Billy Clanton is seated between two of Kate Nelson's "ladies." They are all drinking. He looks off hungrily at Chihuahua. One of the girls -- JULIA -- notices Billy's interest, and exchanges knowing looks with her friend.

JULIA
Stop dreamin -- Billy boy. Chihuahua ain't homesteadin territory.

SECOND GIRL
Yeah -- there's a fence around her -- a yard high --

BILLY
Ain't no fence built I can't jump over.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

JULIA
This one is. It's barbed wire --

SECOND GIRL
-- with a sign on it. Keep out. Private property -- Doc Holliday.

Billy reacts perceptibly at the mention of Holliday's name and burns inwardly.

40 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - REVERSE ANGLE

The cheering and applause die down. The piano player begins playing "Ten Thousand Cattle." Chihuahua starts singing.

41 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - CLOSE SHOTS

Of people listening to her.

42 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - CLOSE SHOT - CHIHUAHUA

as she sings.

43 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - BAR - CLOSE SHOT - TWO MINERS

Two prosperous looking miners are at the bar listening. One nudges the other with his elbow and puffs on his cigar enthusiastically.

FIRST MINER
Genuine pay dirt. Got to come to town more oftener.

SECOND MINER
This claim's been staked, Jack. Doc Holliday.

The FIRST MINER's face freezes at the mention of Holliday's name. A note of fear comes into his eyes. He turns to the bar and hurriedly downs a drink.

44 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - STAGE - CHIHUAHUA (DOLLY)

CAMERA FOLLOWS Chihuahua as she walks down the steps from the stage and meanders flirtatiously among the customers. She sings as she walks. As she passes Billy Clanton's table, she gives Billy a coquettish wink. As she is about to turn away from him -- he reaches out -- grabs her and pulls her onto his lap. A momentary flash of hate shoots into her eyes -- then feigning that she is being flattered -- she presses her smiling face near his ear as though she were going to kiss him.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

CHIHUAHUA
(in a venomous whisper)
Doc hates naughty little boys.

She spins out of Billy's arms -- gives him a cute pinch on the cheek accompanied by a broad smile and exits -- continuing her song. Billy gulps down his drink and exits in a huff.

45 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - MOVING SHOT - CHIHUAHUA

As she makes her way among the customers -- singing as she goes. At the far end of the bar, she passes Thorndyke and the Town Drunk -- who pause in their drinking marathon to give her the kind of lecherous look that only old men can give. In b.g. at a table, Wyatt can be seen playing poker. Chihuahua passes this table, then works her way forward. As is her custom, she concludes her song at the end of the bar nearest the stage. Here, the barkeeper waits with a glass of champagne in his hand. Chihuahua acknowledges the applause by raising her glass to the crowd and drinking. When the applause subsides, Chihuahua turns to the barkeeper.

CHIHUAHUA
(anxiously)
Doc back?

BARKEEPER
Yeah. He's at the hotel gettin dressed.

CHIHUAHUA
Where's he been?

BARKEEPER
You know nobody knows <u>where</u> Doc goes or <u>when</u> he goes. Maybe Tucson -- maybe across the border. Your guess's -- good as anybody's

CHIHUAHUA
I'm goin up to see him.

BARKEEPER
I wouldn't.

CHIHUAHUA
He say for me not to come?

BARKEEPER
No. But he ain't said <u>for</u> you to come.

45 (Cont.)

Chihuahua gets the point and bites her lips grimly. At this inappropriate moment a GRIZZLED OLD MINER chooses to come up to her -- puts his arms about her. She struggles to free her arms.

GRIZZLED MINER
I wanna drink with the purtiest wild flower in the West.

Chihuahua manages to free one arm. She grabs her champagne glass and tosses it over her shoulder -- right in the Miner's kisser. Automatically he releases her and starts rubbing his eyes. With the agility of a cat -- Chihuahua reaches in the miner's leather pocket and takes his pouch of silver -- hides it neath her shawl and exits through a rear door.

46 EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - BACKYARD - CHIHUAHUA (PAN)

CAMERA PANS with her as she hurriedly goes up a wooden staircase attached to the outside of the saloon.

47 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - UPPER HALLWAY - CHIHUAHUA

As she walks down a narrow hallway, stops before a door -- unlocks it and enters the dark room.

48 INT. CHIHUAHUA'S ROOM - MED. SHOT - CHIHUAHUA

She closes the door, locks it and fumbles about for a match. Finding one, she strikes it and lights the lamp. Surreptitiously, she pulls out a drawer and buries the miner's pouch beneath some clothes.

BILLY'S VOICE
Wasn't expectin you'd be back so soon.

Chihuahua's face freezes as she whirls about defiantly.

49 INT. CHIHUAHUA'S ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Lying on her bed is Billy Clanton.

CHIHUAHUA
How did you get in here?

Billy nods to the open rear window -- beyond which a narrow roof extends.

CHIHUAHUA
You can go out the same way -- and pronto.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.)

BILLY
(sits up)
Now, that ain't no way to go actin -- after nuzzling me with your sweet lips and pinchin me pretty on the cheek.

CHIHUAHUA
Get out, Billy Clanton, or --

BILLY
(rises)
-- or you'll scream -- and get our new gun-fightin marshal up here? He might take a notion to look in that there bureau.
(indicates the drawer)

CHIHUAHUA
What do you want?

BILLY
Same thing you give me downstairs-- only friendly like and more of it.

CHIHUAHUA
Listen, Billy. You're a nice young kid --

BILLY
Young kid. I'm twenty -- and more the man than that patent leather gambler, Doc Holliday. I'll match notches in my gun with his any day.
(slaps his pockets, making the silver clink)
And I got plenty of this and more comin.

CHIHUAHUA
But Billy, Doc would skin me alive if --

BILLY
Who you hoodwinkin? He don't give a wheel and a whoop for you. It's you that's passing that talk around -- cuz you're gone on him. Well, from now on -- you're switchin' harness.

He grabs her and kisses her violently. She doesn't respond -- neither does she resist. When he finishes the passionate kiss -- she acts as though she were moved by it.

49 (Cont. 1)

CHIHUAHUA
Oh, Billy -- you are grown up.

Billy is flattered -- and moves to kiss her again. Chihuahua places a finger on his lips.

CHIHUAHUA
Not now, Billy love. I gotta go back and work. Tomorrow or the next day.

BILLY
(afire with love)
Tomorrow!

He grabs her again -- kisses her and crosses to the open window.

BILLY
See you manana, sweetheart.

Chihuahua forces a smile, Billy exits onto the roof. Her smile freezes instantly. There is a fury in her eyes. She turns to the broken mirror and begins to adjust her hair.

50 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - MED. SHOT - POKER TABLE

Wyatt is seated with four other players. Judging by the stack of chips in front of him -- he is doing nicely. Seated near him is a sharp-looking PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER. His stack is down pretty low. There is a good-sized pot in the center of the table. Two men have already dropped out. As the Professional Gambler raises, the third man drops out -- leaving only Wyatt. He is slumped down in his chair and is studying his hand.

WYATT
(almost to himself)
A situation like this makes poker very interestin. Let's see now. He raised twice and drew two cards. That means he either came in with three of a kind or a high pair and a kicker. After the draw he bet and when I raised -- he raised me. That means a full house or even four of a kind. That makes four possible combinations -- any one of em a winner.
(pleasantly to Gambler)
Well -- accordin to logic -- you're bound to have me beat. So --

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

WYATT (Cont.)
(pushes a stack out)
I reckon I'll call you --
(spreads his cards)
-- with two small pairs.

The eyes of the other players pop at this apparent inconsistency. Their eyes nearly fall out when the Gambler tosses his cards in face down. Wyatt rakes in the chips; ancther player deals. The player on Wyatt's left says wonderingly:

PLAYER
Beats me. You just proved he had you licked, then you call him.

WYATT
(stacking his chips)
That was accordin to logic. But then you gotta take into account the human element. He's losin. And when a man's losin he's apt to be upset -- and when a man's upset he generally's liable to act just opposite to logic.

GAMBLER
(with a forced smile)
That's good reasonin, Marshal. I'll remember that.

As the players pick up their cards, Chihuahua saunters casually up to the table. She and the Gambler exchange knowing looks. The betting starts. The Gambler raises. Wyatt goes along...so do the others.

GAMBLER
No raise, Marshal?

WYATT
Raise with a pat hand and drive these good customers out?

GAMBLER
Be like takin candy from a baby, huh?

WYATT
Sort of.

The dealer gives each of the players cards. The Gambler takes three. Wyatt stands pat. The Gambler reacts perceptibly.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont. 1)

DEALER
(to Gambler)
Up to you.

GAMBLER
I'll pass the honor to the Marshal.

WYATT
Guess I'll have to get my feet wet.

Wyatt shoves in a stack. The others do likewise.

GAMBLER
I raise.

The Gambler shoves in a double stack.

WYATT
Wonderful game, poker. Very interestin. Each hand a different problem.

Wyatt looks at his hand as Chihuahua steps behind him. He has three sixes.

WYATT
Got to do a little figurin here. Now what would I do if I were in your boots. You drew three cards... and I stood pat. Now the question is...

Out of the corner of his eye Wyatt catches a glimpse of Chihuahua as she looks at the Gambler and puts three fingers to her face. Slowly he puts down his hand, pushes back his chair and rises.

WYATT
Excuse me, gents.

He takes Chihuahua by the hand...and pulls her forward toward the front door. Chihuahua protests in vain.

51 EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - PORCH - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT)

Wyatt pulls Chihuahua up to a water trough... lifts her up and drops her into it. She makes quite a splash.

WYATT
Next time I'll dump you on the outskirts of town.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

Wyatt re-enters the saloon. Chihuahua gets out of the trough ... dripping wet, and stamps angrily off.

52 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - POKER TABLE

Wyatt rejoins the game quite calmly. The Gambler is apparently worried.

WYATT
(to Gambler)
Don't like a six handed poker game. Upsets my figurin.

GAMBLER
I hope you don't think I was ...

WYATT
(picks up his hand)
One good thing about interruptions like that ... teaches a fella to be more careful. Now where were we?

SECOND PLAYER
He raised you.

WYATT
Oh yeah. Well seein as how you know I got three of a kind ... I'll ...

As Wyatt looks up he sees that the Gambler has his eyes riveted on the front door. A peculiar hush has descended on the place. The other players also are looking in the direction of the door. Wyatt, a bit puzzled, turns around in his chair.

53 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - DOORWAY - CLOSE SHOT - HOLLIDAY

Standing in the doorway, is DOC HOLLIDAY ... a dark, tall, gaunt-faced man in his early thirties. He is dressed in evening clothes, with a beaver hat and wears an expensive black cape. He surveys the scene with his alert but cold eyes. As they come to rest on Wyatt's table ... his eyes smoulder ... his jaw sets.

54 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - POKER TABLE

The men are looking off at Holliday. Wyatt looks inquiringly to one of the players.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

FIRST PLAYER
(soberly)
Doc Holliday.

WYATT
Nice Lookin' fella. Now where were we?

The Gambler tries to hide his nervousness as the players return to their cards.

WYATT
It's up to me to raise you...call you...or quit. Well, I'll.....

Holliday enters the SHOT ... and ignoring Wyatt and the others addresses himself to the Gambler.

HOLLIDAY
Thought I told you to get out of town.

GAMBLER
(petrified)
Now look Doc ... give me a chance ...

HOLLIDAY
No second chances.

With his left hand, Holliday whips out a big silk handkerchief from his breast pocket. Holding it by a corner ... he offers the other end to the Gambler.

HOLLIDAY
Take it ... and draw.

The Gambler wants no part of the dangling handkerchief.

GAMBLER
(crawling)
No, Doc, No. I'm leavin' .... right now.

The Gambler edges out of his chair and starts walking backwards toward the door.

HOLLIDAY
Turn around you rat. You're taking leave of gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont. 1)

The Gambler reluctantly turns around and walks toward the door with controlled slowness. Holliday whips out his gun and fires into the wall. The Gambler takes off at a run. Holliday roars with laughter...as do the others. Holliday returns his gun to its holster.

HOLLIDAY
(bows)
Go on with your game, gentlemen.

Holliday exits to the bar.

FIRST PLAYER
(mops his brow)
Whew --
(collects his chips and exits)

SECOND PLAYER
My missus is expectin' me.

WYATT
This is the hardest town to play a quiet game of poker in.

Wyatt gets up. The Second Player collects his chips and exits.

WYATT
(to a passing waiter)
Say Buckskin. Cash these in for me.

BUCKSKIN
Right away, Marshal.

Wyatt exits toward the bar.

55 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - BAR - MED. SHOT - HOLLIDAY

Holliday is standing at the bar drinking a glass of milk.

HOLLIDAY
(to barkeeper)
This milk fresh?

BARKEEPER
Sure Doc ... Sure. I ran out and milked it myself...Moment I seen you come in.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

Doc hurls the milk in the barkeeper's face. It having been boiled .... a piece of the film sticks to the barkeeper's face.

DOC
The next time you serve me boiled milk -- I'll boil you in it. Go out and get me a glass of fresh milk.

BARKEEPER
Yes, Doc ... sure thing Doc.

The barkeeper exits as Wyatt joins Doc at the bar.

WYATT
Howdy.

DOC HOLLIDAY
Good evening.

WYATT
I'm --

DOC HOLLIDAY
(curtly)
Wyatt Earp -- I know. And I know all about you. Your heroic exploits in Dodge City ... converting sinners to saints ... and your reason for being here. But --

WYATT
(casually)
Heard a lot about you, too, Doc. You left <u>your</u> mark around, in Deadwood, Denver and places. A man could almost follow your trail by goin' from graveyard to graveyard.

DOC
(deadly)
There's one here too. The biggest of them all. Marshals and I usually get along better if they understand that right away.

WYATT
I get your meanin', Doc.

DOC
Good. Have a drink?

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont. 1)

WYATT
Thanks. Believe I will.

DOC
(to a barkeeper)
Johnny ... a glass of champagne for the marshal.

WYATT
(to barkeeper)
Make it whiskey.

HOLLIDAY
(with a chill)
You're my guest, Marshal. I ordered champagne.

WYATT
(to barkeeper with a shrug)
Champagne it is.
(to Doc)
Reckon a man can get along a lot better with you if he don't have too many strong opinions.

HOLLIDAY
(grins)
Well said, Marshal.

WYATT
(lifts his glass)
Your good health.

HOLLIDAY
Destiny.

Wyatt takes a sip of the champagne.

WYATT
You know, Doc -- if I weren't your guest ... I said if I weren't .... mind you ... and you took more kindly to marshals ... I'd say this drink tastes like fer-mented vinegar.

Holliday enjoys Wyatt's sense of humor and laughs.

HOLLIDAY
Johnny ... give this gentleman a whiskey .... from my own private stock.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont. 2)

The storekeeper reaches down for a bottle, sets it, and a glass on the bar. Wyatt pours himself a drink. During this:

HOLLIDAY
Plan on staying here long?

WYATT
A while.

HOLLIDAY
Until you catch up with the rustlers that killed your brother.

WYATT
That's the general idea.

HOLLIDAY
What's the specific idea?

WYATT
Don't follow you quite.

HOLLIDAY
I mean -- you haven't taken it into your head to deliver us all from evil?

WYATT
Hadn't thought about it quite like that. But come to think of it ... that isn't a bad way to look at it.

HOLLIDAY
May I ask how?

WYATT
Oh ... by givin' a fella a push in the right direction.
(grins)
Sometimes it might take quite a heave..

HOLLIDAY
Get down to cases. I, for instance. How would you handle me if I took a notion to break the law?

WYATT
You already have, Twice.

HOLLIDAY
For instance.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont. 3)

WYATT
For instance ... tellin' that tinhorn to get out of town .... and shootin' a hole in that expensive mahogany wall.

HOLLIDAY
Next thing you know -- you'll be asking me to turn over my guns.

WYATT
Will. If you do it again.

A hush falls over the saloon as Holliday whips out his handkerchief ... and offers the other corner to Wyatt.

HOLLIDAY
I see we're in opposite camps Mr. Earp. Take it and draw.

WYATT
Can't.
(indicates absence of his guns)

HOLLIDAY
I'll fix that. Hey, Johnny, give --

Doc is gripped with a violent, convulsive coughing spell.

56 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - BAR - ANOTHER ANGLE

Wyatt and Doc are in the foreground. In the b.g. Morgan - covered with dust - and Virgil have come up to the far end of the bar. Taking in the situation, Morgan quickly slides a cocked gun down the length of the shiny bar. The gun stops near Wyatt's hand which is resting on the bar. Wyatt casually grips the butt and weighs the gun in his hand, and without turning around, slides it back down the bar.

WYATT
(thumb over shoulder)
My brother Morg's gun.

Doc's face - a combination of surprise and admiration -- suddenly thaws into a grin.

DOC
Upon my word - a marshal who is a gentleman!

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.)

Doc extends his hand. They shake. A buzz of comment goes up from the crowd as the tension is broken.

DOC
(to barkeeper)
A glass. I'll join my friend in a drink.

The barkeeper, a bit surprised at Doc drinking whiskey--sets another glass on the bar. Doc pours the drinks. During this:

DOC
Just the same ... that would have been an interesting draw.

WYATT
More sensible shootin' at beer bottles.

DOC
But no <u>risk</u> ... nothing at stake!

WYATT
That's what makes it sensible.

DOC
My friend, you have a very prosaic mind. But a mind, at least, and that's something in this town.

WYATT
I'm not much of a judge. But your mind isn't run-of-the-mill barley ... neither.

DOC
(lifts his glass)
Destiny.

Wyatt lifts his glass ... studies Doc a second and drinks. As they drink, Thorndyke's voice is heard above the crowd.

THORNDYKE'S VOICE
(booming)
Alas, Poor Yorick! -- I knew him Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy:

They look off.

57 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - BAR - THORNDYKE & TOWN DRUNK

Thorndyke and the Town Drunk are quite spiffed. Thorndyke holds the skull aloft as he recites.

THORNDYKE
He hath borne me on his back a thousand times;

The Town Drunk -- the eternal yes-man, nods and grins.

58 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - BAR - WYATT - DOC (PAN)

WYATT
That's the actor for tonight's show.

HOLLIDAY
A Shakespearian actor, huh? It's been a long time since I've heard Shakespeare. How would you like to join me?

WYATT
Fine. Better see that he gets to the theatre or there won't be any show.

CAMERA PANS Wyatt over to Thorndyke and the Town Drunk.

WYATT
Take Mr. Thorndyke over to the Bird Cage, Dad.

THORNDYKE
Bird Cage? Are you incarcerating me in a bird cage, sir?

WYATT
That's the name of the theatre.

THORNDYKE
(it dawns on him)
Theatre! The show! The show must go on!

The Town Drunk picks up Thorndyke's suitcase -- and leads the actor (and Yorick) toward the door..

DISSOLVE TO:

59 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - FULL SHOT

Boxes with "ads" painted on the sides line both walls of the theatre. These "ads" extol the virtues of popular brands of whiskey, tobacco and cigars. The painting on the curtain depicts a realistic scene of a prize fight. Both fighters are cut up and bloody. A cross section of the town's populace has packed the theatre. Several men squat in the aisles.

60 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - HOLLIDAY'S BOX

Doc and Wyatt enter the box. Doc smiles a greeting and bows to someone in the opposite box.

61 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - KATE NELSON'S BOX

Kate and her "ladies" are jammed into a box. Kate, dressed in velvety black and laden with jewels and trinkets, fans herself with a mammoth black fan. She returns Doc's greeting by smiling graciously and nodding her head with affected dignity. Julia, one of her "ladies," waves and "yoo-hoos" at a gentleman below.

KATE
(sternly)
My ladies don't wave and yoo-hoo in public, Julia. Be like Alice -- ladylike.

Kate indicates a rather young, timid-looking girl.

JULIA
But, Kate -- it's Big Jim -- the bunko-steerer from Santa Fe.

KATE
After the show -- you can invite the gentleman to the house -- for something to eat.

62 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - HOLLIDAY'S BOX

Wyatt and Doc observe the crowd.

DOC
Live and learn. I never thought Tombstone would turn out to hear Shakespeare.

WYATT
They don't know it yet. They're expectin' a show. That's why I brought these along.
(indicates his guns)

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

Chihuahua, dressed very daringly, sweeps in. She doesn't notice Wyatt who sits to the rear of the entrance to box.

CHIHUAHUA
Hello, Doc!

DOC
Good evening, my dear. My friend, Wyatt Earp.

CHIHUAHUA
(spins around)
Him? Your friend?

DOC
He. Not him.

CHIHUAHUA
Him or he -- but he ain't no friend --

WYATT
What she's tryin' to say, Doc -- is we've met before. Sort of found ourselves in the same poker game.

CHIHUAHUA
(deflated)
Yeah.

Chihuahua gives Wyatt a hateful look but says nothing. Wyatt smiles to himself. Out of the corner of his eye, Doc has noticed the by-play -- but says nothing. He lights a cigar -- exhales the smoke and gives Chihuahua a censuring look. The smoke induces a mild coughing spell.

CHIHUAHUA
You shouldn't smoke, Doc.

Doc shoots Chihuahua a withering look. Chihuahua, spanked -- girlishly drops her eyes.

63 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - HOLLIDAY'S BOX - REVERSE ANGLE

A wave of applause mingled with whistles and cheers, greets the Theatre Owner as he comes on stage. He is pale and nervous as he raises his hands to gain quiet. After a while:

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.)

THEATRE OWNER
Ladies and gentlemen. Due to unseen circumstances -- that I had nothing to do with -- the play -- "The Convict's Oath" will not be played tonight.

Boos -- whistles -- and other foul-sounding noises greet this announcement. The Theatre Owner again raises his hands to gain quiet. After a while:

THEATRE OWNER
As if I ain't in enough trouble -- the actor, Mr. Granville Thorndyke, the Barber of Avon, has disappeared.

64 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - FULL SHOT

A minor pandemonium breaks out. During this:

65 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - KATE NELSON'S BOX

The girls "boo" and whistle. EDNA -- a buxom blonde -- is particularly noisy. Kate swings around and cracks Edna across her face with her fan.

KATE
(softly)
That ain't ladylike, Edna.

66 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - HOLLIDAY'S BOX

They are watching the demonstration below -- as the TOWN DRUNK enters.

TOWN DRUNK
(panting)
Marshal! Marshal! Yorick -- they've got him!

WYATT
Whoa up, Dad. Who's got him?

TOWN DRUNK
Some galoots over to the Silver Strike Saloon.

WYATT
Be right with you, Dad.
(to crowd)
Quiet, everybody -- quiet!

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

WYATT (Cont.)
(the theatre calms down)
Keep your chairs. The actor'll be here in a few minutes!

The crowd cheers.

WYATT
Be back soon, Doc.

DOC
I'm coming with you. Might develop into something exciting.

The Town Drunk and Wyatt exit -- followed by Doc. Chihuahua does a slight burn at being left alone. After a moment -- the curtain parts and Billy Clanton sticks his head into the box,

BILLY
(whispers)
Chihuahua!

Chihuahua turns around. Her face freezes as she sees Billy. Billy signals for her to come toward him. This she does rather stealthily. Billy reaches out and pulls her through the parted curtains.

67 INT. BIRD CAGE THEATRE - HOLLIDAY'S BOX -CURTAINS

Billy grabs Chihuahua in his arms and gives her a passionate kiss. She struggles to break away. Finally she does.

CHIHUAHUA
Not here, you fool!

BILLY
Saw you up here and got a hankerin' to kiss you.

CHIHUAHUA
(suppressed anger)
You go right back --

BILLY
Here.
(hands her a pearl necklace)
Them are real pearls too. Ain't nobody hereabouts wearin' anythin' richer.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

CHIHUAHUA
(the gold-digger)
Much obliged -- Billy, love. But you -- you must go honey-boy. See you tomorrow, huh?

Billy gives her a quick kiss and exits. Chihuahua shrugs -- drops the necklace in her bosom and re-enters the box.

68 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT

Wyatt takes long business-like strides. Doc breathes hard to keep up with him. The Town Drunk every so often has to break into a run to catch up. Soon Wyatt notices that Doc is having difficulty with his breathing -- he slows down perceptibly.

WYATT
What am I doin' -- racing like a frightened jack-rabbit.

DOC
(realizes Wyatt slowed down for his sake)
Thanks. Did Chihuahua cost you any money?

WYATT
Me?

DOC
When you found yourself in the same poker game.

WYATT
No. No.

DOC
You can tell me if she did. I'll make it good.

WYATT
Not a copper penny.
(after a pause)
She's quite a gal though.

DOC
She's a lying, cheating, two-timing little coquette --
(grins)
But she'll look beautiful at my funeral.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

Wyatt shoots him a quizzical look.

DOC
Doesn't make much sense to you, does it?

WYATT
(with an appraising look)
Beginnin' to.

They reach the Silver Strike Saloon. Through the window they see Thorndyke, dressed in his worn and faded "Hamlet" costume -- his wig awry -- standing on a table and taking bows. The audience in the jam-packed, smoke-filled saloon is applauding and whistling. Prominent up forward in the audience are Old Man Clanton, Ike, Phin and Sam. Wyatt, Doc and the Town Drunk go up to the door and enter.

69 INT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - FULL SHOT

as Wyatt, Doc and the Town Drunk enter, they see Ike Clanton rise and hold up his hands.

IKE
Hold your horses! Shut up!

The place quiets down a little.

IKE
(to Thorndyke)
Look here, Yorick -- can't you give us nothin' but them poems?

THORNDYKE
I have a very large repertoire, sir.

IKE
Good!
(to crowd)
Pipe down!
(to Thorndyke)
Shoot, Yorick.

Thorndyke begins the famous soliloquy..

THORNDYKE
To be, or not to be; that is the question.

70 INT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - WYATT - HOLLIDAY

Wyatt is about to go forward to break it up but Doc checks him.

HOLLIDAY
I want to hear this.

Wyatt shrugs and doesn't go forward.

THORNDYKE'S VOICE
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune --

71 INT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - REVERSE ANGLE

THORNDYKE
-- or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
and by opposing end them? To die -- to sleep, -- no more; -- and by a sleep, to say we end the heartache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, --

72 INT. SILVER STRIKE - WYATT - DOC

Doc listens -- terribly impressed.

THORNDYKE'S VOICE
-- 'tis a natural consummation devoutly to be wish'd. To die; -- to sleep: -- To sleep -- perchance to dream: -- ay, there's the rub: --

Wyatt looks over and studies Doc's face.

73 INT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - CLOSEUP - DOC

Doc listens with a faraway look in his eyes.

THORNDYKE'S VOICE
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, -- must give us pause.

74 INT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - WYATT - DOC

Doc's eyes are fastened on Thorndyke. Wyatt looks away from Doc toward the actor.

THORNDYKE'S VOICE
There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life;

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont.)

IKE'S VOICE
That's enough!

Doc is shaken from his reverie -- murder in his eyes.

75 INT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - REVERSE ANGLE

Ike is on his feet.

IKE
(to Thorndyke)
Ain't you got nothin but poems?

DOC
Sit down, Clanton.

Ike swings around.

IKE
Who said that?

DOC
I did. Sit down or I'll blow your stupid head off.

When Ike realizes it's Holliday he sits down -- a sullen look on his face.

DOC
Please go on, Mr. Thorndyke.

THORNDYKE
(delighted)
Thank you, sir. Now where was I?

DOC
(prompting)
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

THORNDYKE
Oh yes.
(picks it up)
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, when he himself his quietus make with a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bare -- to grunt and sweat under a weary live, but that -- but that --

(CONTINUED)

75 Cont.)

Thorndyke gropes for his lines -- rubs his perspiring brow.

THORNDYKE
(to Doc)
Please help me, my friend.

DOC
But that the dread of something after death --

THORNDYKE
Please carry on -- my throat needs a bit of moistening.

A listener hands Thorndyke a whiskey bottle. He tilts it.

DOC
But that the dread of something after death, the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns, puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

Doc stops abruptly -- turns and exits. Wyatt looks thoughtfully after him a second -- and makes his way through the crowd toward Thorndyke.

WYATT
They're waitin for you at the theatre, Mr. Thorndyke.

THORNDYKE
Fine! Fine!
(with a dirty look at Ike)
Shakespeare was not meant for taverns and tavern louts.

Wyatt extends his hand and assists Thorndyke to the floor. Ike jumps up in front of them.

IKE
Yorick stays here.

WYATT
Step aside, Clanton.

Ike reaches for his gun. Instantly Wyatt draws and brings his gun down across Ike's head. Ike drops like a log.

76 INT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - THREE SHOT - OLD MAN CLANTON - PHIN - SAM

Phin and Sam get up and reach for their guns. Old Man Clanton kicks each of them in the shins.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Sit down.

77 INT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - ANOTHER ANGLE

Wyatt, leading Thorndyke, comes by the Clantons.

OLD MAN CLANTON
(with forced affability)
My apologies, marshal. Ike's had a little whiskey.

WYATT
Then some sleep'll do him good.

Wyatt and Thorndyke exit SHOT. Phin and Sam still furious -- rise...about to draw.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Sit down. I'll settle it my own way and in my own good time.

Phin and Sam reluctantly sit down.

78 EXT. SILVER STRIKE - MED. SHOT - (PAN)

Wyatt, Thorndyke and the Town Drunk come out of the saloon -- as Virgil and Morgan come up the street.

MORGAN
Any trouble?

WYATT
See Doc Holliday around?

VIRGIL
Saw him go into the Oriental.

WYATT
(to Morgan)
Take Mr. Thorndyke to the Bird Cage. You better go too, Virg.

The group part. Wyatt goes toward the Oriental.

79 INT. ORIENTAL - BAR - DOC HOLLIDAY

The place is comparatively quiet. Doc stands at the bar -- alone -- looking off into space. A whiskey bottle and a glass in front of him.

80 INT. CRIENTAL DOORWAY - WYATT (PAN)

Wyatt enters -- looks about -- sees Doc at the bar and crosses to him. He notices the preoccupied look on Doc's face.

WYATT
Left me high and dry, eh?

DOC
Too smoky in there.

WYATT
Say, you were pretty handy with that palaver.

DOC
Learned it as a kid -- in school.

WYATT
First time I heard it. Parts I could understand makes a powerful lot of sense -- especially that last about -- about conscience makin cowards out of all of us.

DOC
(disturbed)
Johnny, another glass!

The Barkeep sets a glass on the bar. Doc pours it full. During this:

WYATT
How did that recitation begin?

DOC
(thoughtfully)
To be or not to be; that is the question.
(toasts with a grim smile)
To the place that knows the answer. "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn, no traveler returns."

Doc downs his drink in a gulp. Wyatt takes a sip. He studies Doc appraisingly as Doc refills his glass and downs another drink.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

81 INSERT: THE BACK PAGE OF THE EPITAPH NEWSPAPER IN THORNDYKE'S HANDS

The headline reads:

Mr. Yorick comes to town!

Over this:

THORNDYKE'S VOICE
Mr. Yorick comes to town.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are at the BAR in the SILVER STRIKE SALOON. Near Thorndyke is the town drunk. The inevitable whiskey bottle and glasses before them.

THORNDYKE
(reads)
Last night, at the Bird Cage Theatre, Tombstone witnessed an unusual spectacle.
(to town drunk)
Another triumph.

The town drunk tosses off a drink in recognition of Thorndyke's success, and refills his glass. During this:

THORNDYKE
(reads)
Flanked by our two new deputy marshals, Mr. Granville Thorndyke -- known to us affectionately as Mr. Yorick --
(to town drunk)
Very neighborly folks.

The town drunk tosses off another drink -- and refills the glass. This time Thorndyke is a little displeased with him.

THORNDYKE
(reads)
-- appeared on stage at the Bird Cage Theatre. The crowd had been impatiently awaiting him.
(to town drunk)
Touching -- very touching.

Again the town drunk tosses off a drink -- and refills the glass. This time Thorndyke moves the bottle out of the drunk's reach.

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.)

THORNDYKE
(reads)
Thereafter, for two hours, the theatre rocked with laughter.
(to himself)
Laughter? Must have given them something from "As You Like It" -- or "The Taming of the Shrew."
(reads)
One and all are agreed that nothing quite like it has ever been seen here before.
(to town drunk)
A glittering tribute.

Again the town drunk tosses off a drink, and reaches for the bottle.

THORNDYKE
(puts bottle in his pocket)
Remember, my good fellow -- I have a dusty journey before me.
(reads)
Following the performance, Mrs. Kate Nelson, popular proprietress of the Nelson Boarding House for Ladies, gave a party in Mr. Yorick's honor.
(thinks)
Party?

The town drunk nods and grins.

THORNDYKE
Perhaps that's where I left my skull.

On SOUND TRACK we hear:

VOICES
Stagecoach is coming! Stagecoach! The Benson Stage is coming!

THORNDYKE
Oh, dear -- the stagecoach. Come, MacDuff.

The town drunk picks up the actor's suitcase and he and Thorndyke exit to the street.

82 EXT. SILVER STRIKE SALOON - DUSK - MOVING SHOT

The town drunk and Thorndyke come out of the saloon and start toward the Mansion House. At a distance, the stagecoach is seen approaching the town. In front of the jail, they meet up with Wyatt, Virgil and Morgan. The group continue together.

WYATT
Leaving us, Mr. Thorndyke?

THORNDYKE
With profound sorrow, Marshal. My public awaits me in Hollow Creek.

As they cross the street and stop in front of the Mansion House, Doc dressed for evening, comes out of the hotel.

DOC HOLLIDAY
Good evening, Marshal. Thanks for looking after me last night.

WYATT
Expect you to do the same for me.

DOC HOLLIDAY
Join me for dinner?

WYATT
Like to. Just as soon as the stage pulls out.

DOC HOLLIDAY
Fine.

Doc Holliday exits toward the Oriental.

KATE NELSON'S VOICE
Oh, Mr. Thorndyke!

They look off as Kate enters SHOT -- carrying a bundle in a paper bag.

KATE NELSON
Reckoned you'd be wanting this.

Thorndyke looks in the bag -- reacts delightedly.

THORNDYKE
My skull! Thank you. Thank you!

KATE
Did you enjoy the party?

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

THORNDYKE
(at a loss)
Oh, very much. Very much, indeed.

All move forward toward the hotel as the coach comes down the street and stops before the Mansion House.

83 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - STAGECOACH

The townspeople gather about the stagecoach. The DRIVER opens the door -- and assists a young, lovely, wholesome-looking girl to the street. She is CLEMENTINE CARTER.

DRIVER
We'll have your duffel for you in a minute, lady.

Clementine looks about her uncertainly. Wyatt walks up to Clementine -- puts his finger to his hat.

WYATT
Can I help you, Ma'am? I'm Wyatt Earp.

CLEMENTINE
Thank you, Mr. Earp. I'm looking for John Holliday.

Wyatt looks a bit puzzled. Clementine thinks clarification is necessary.

CLEMENTINE
(anxiously)
Doctor John Holliday. He is in Tombstone, isn't he?

WYATT
Oh -- Doc Holliday. Yes, ma'am. Doc's in town.

CLEMENTINE
Oh, thank goodness. Where might I find him?

WYATT
Just went into the Oriental. Be glad to round him up for you, ma'am.

CLEMENTINE
Not just now. Thank you. I'd prefer to freshen up a little first.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

The stagecoach driver re-enters SHOT carrying Clementine's two suitcases.

STAGECOACH DRIVER
Your duffel, ma'am.

CLEMENTINE
Thank you.

WYATT
Can I help you?

CLEMENTINE
That's very kind of you, Mr. Earp.

Wyatt picks up her two suitcases and they cross toward the hotel. OVER THIS:

STAGECOACH DRIVER'S VOICE
Stagecoach goin' right out! Git aboard -- everybody that's goin'!

Wyatt and Clementine are prevented from going into the hotel by a group of people, among them the TOWN DRUNK - who surround Thorndyke. Thorndyke has been bidding everyone goodbye. As Wyatt and Clementine come up, Thorndyke is shaking the hand of the Town Drunk.

THORNDYKE
Great souls by instinct to each other turn, Demand allegiance and in friendship burn, Goodnight, sweet prince.

As Thorndyke turns to go toward the stage the Town Drunk reaches for the neck of the bottle protrouding from the actor's pocket. Thorndyke lays a restraining hand on the Town Drunk's arm -- and over the shoulder smiles and shakes his head admonishingly. Thorndyke and the group pass toward the stagecoach, thereby allowing Wyatt and Clementine to proceed.

CLEMENTINE
Who in the world is that?

WYATT
An actor. Put on a show last night -- recitations from Shakespeare.

CLEMENTINE
Shakespeare. I'm sure John went.
(Wyatt nods)
He's always been fond of Shakespeare.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.1)

WYATT
Still is.

They cross the porch and enter the hotel lobby.

84 INT. MANSION HOUSE - LOBBY

Wyatt and Clementine enter the small lobby. To the right is a room with a bar and tables and chairs. To the left is the dining room. To the rear is the "desk" behind which stands the proprietor. An open staircase leads to the second floor. They approach the desk.

WYATT
(to clerk)
Have you a room for Miss --

CLEMENTINE
Carter. Clementine Carter.

CLERK
(puts on his pince-nez and consults the key boxes)
Eh, let me see. Twelve is Doc's room. Eight is taken. Reckon I can give you number ten, Miss Carter.
(hands her pen and ledger)

Clementine registers.

INSERT LEDGER: It reads:

Miss Clementine Carter, Boston, Mass.

85 INT. MANSION HOUSE - lobby

Clementine hands the pen back to the DESK CLERK. The latter glimpses the register.

DESK CLERK
All the way from Boston, eh? Take you long to get here?

CLEMENTINE
About a year.

DESK CLERK
A <u>year</u>?

(CONTINUED)

CLEMENTINE
(pleasantly)
I didn't come directly.

DESK CLERK
Um-m. You'll find room ten at the head of the stairs.
(hands her the key)

CLEMENTINE
Thank you.

Wyatt picks up her luggage.

CLEMENTINE
Don't bother. I can manage.

WYATT
No bother.

They start up the staircase.

86 INT. MANSION HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY

Wyatt follows Clementine.

WYATT
To your right, ma'am.

They go down the hall and stop at room number 10. Clementine gives a perceptible glance at room number 12, not unnoticed by Wyatt. She inserts key in door of Room 10, opens door and enters. Wyatt follows with the luggage.

87 INT. MANSION HOUSE - CLEMENTINE'S BEDROOM

Wyatt sets the suitcases down.

CLEMENTINE
It was very nice of you, Mr. Earp.

WYATT
My pleasure, ma'am.
(starts to go)
I'll tell Doc you're here.

CLEMENTINE
Oh, please, Mr. Earp. You'd be doing me a great favor if you wouldn't. You see -- John wasn't expecting me. I'd rather -- I'd rather it be a surprise.

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

WYATT
All right, ma'am.

CLEMENTINE
(grateful)
Thank you.

Wyatt starts to go, stops and turns about. He looks at Clementine an unbearably long time -- his eyes full of pathos and yearning. Then in a quiet voice:

WYATT
I like the name Clementine, Ma'am.

He turns and exits -- closing the door behind him. Clementine is left obviously moved by this strangely simple and sincere remark, her eyes thoughtfully fastened on the closed door. After a bit, she picks up one of her suitcases -- opens it. On top is a framed photograph. She picks it up in her hands and looks at it.

88 INSERT FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

It depicts:

DOC HOLLIDAY dressed in a conservative suit, stands before a doorstep of an Eastern cottage. In one hand he holds a hammer. In the other, a SHINGLE which reads: "John Holliday, M.D." Beside him in a nurse's uniform stands CLEMENTINE. Both are smiling and happy. (For a picture of a nurse's uniform of that day -- see Volume 1888 Harper's Bazaar - page 612 - in our Research Dept.) In the margin of the picture appears the following autograph: "To the future Mrs. John Holliday - with love."

89 INT. CLEMENTINE'S BEDROOM

She looks thoughtfully at the picture. A lot of water has evidently flowed under the bridge since then. She snaps out of her mood - sets the picture down near the bed -- and starts undoing her travel-dusty jacket as we

DISSOLVE TO:

90 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - KITCHEN (NIGHT)

Wyatt is having dinner with Doc at a linen covered table. We gather from the silver and glassware that Doc makes an effort to dine in style. As we COME IN, he is preparing a dressing for cole slaw by mixing the condiments with oil -- etc. He is in an expansive mood and is making quite a ritual of it. Wyatt, seated opposite him, is enjoying the whole procedure. Standing near Doc is FRANCOIS, the chef. He is watching every move that Doc makes with attention almost amounting to reverence. As Doc reaches for the vinegar bottle -- Francois's face darkens and he shakes his head. Doc sensing it -- stops and looks up at Francois -- anger in his eyes. Francois again shakes his head.

DOC
Why not?

FRANCOIS
(with a French accent - of course)
Salad Maximilian -- is not made with <u>vini-gar</u>, monsieur.

DOC
No?

FRANCOIS
No, monsieur.

DOC
(flares)
Well, speak up, you chowder head. If not vinegar -- <u>what</u>?

FRANCOIS
Oh, but monsieur <u>knows</u>. Sauterne, of course.

DOC
Then get it.

FRANCOIS
(looks table over; horrified)
Ah, pardonez-moi, monsieur. How could monsieur use the wine if Francois did not prepare it for him!

Francois exits hurriedly toward the rear of the kitchen. Doc looks after him. In a moment, his face thaws into a smile.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.)

DOC
Francois is a stickler for tradition. He used to be salad chef of Maximilian, the Emperor of Mexico.

WYATT
You mean to say the Emperor had a special cook for mixing this?

DOC
He actually had three. Francois merely did the tasting.

WYATT
Old Max went to a heap of bother over some chopped cabbage.

DOC
As I've said once before -- you have a very prosaic mind, Marshal. Devoid of imagination.

WYATT
(pleasantly)
Takes all kind of critters to make a herd.

Francois re-enters SHOT carrying a bottle of wine -- wrapped in a napkin.

FRANCOIS
I am terribly sorry, Monsieur Doc. It will not happen again. Now with Monsieur's kind permission, Francois will pour it.

Doc nods. Francois pours the wine carefully.

DOC
You're right, Marshal. It takes all kind of critters. I make a blunder and Francois here apologizes for it.

91 INT. KITCHEN - REVERSE ANGLE

Through the swinging door, leading from the saloon, comes a waiter. He approaches Doc's table.

WAITER
Say, Doc -- there's a gal out there lookin' for you.

Doc shoots the waiter an inquiring look.

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

WAITER
Near's I can figger it, she means you. She said Doctor John Holliday.

Doc's brow furrows. His face becomes troubled.

DOC
Who is she? What's her name?

WAITER
Don't know. Ain't never seen her before.

WYATT
Reckon I could --

DOC
(to waiter)
Well, don't stand there like a mule. Tell her to come in.

WAITER
Sure, Doc -- sure.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the waiter back into the crowded saloon. As he makes his way to Clementine who is standing near the front door -- we see Chihuahua on stage singing a plaintive melancholy song: "Four Little White Doves."

WAITER
(to Clementine)
Doc's in the kitchen eatin' his dinner. Said for me to bring you in.

CLEMENTINE
Thank you.

The waiter and Clementine start toward the kitchen.

92 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - STAGE - CLOSEUP - CHIHUAHUA

She follows Clementine with a quizzical look in her eyes.

93 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - DOOR TO KITCHEN

The waiter swings open the door.

WAITER
Here she is, Doc.
(to Clementine)
Step in, miss.

94 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - KITCHEN

Clementine steps into the doorway -- uncertainty and hope in her eyes.

95 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - KITCHEN

Doc's face freezes -- motionless. Wyatt concernedly observes the quiet tension that Clementine's presence has provoked.

96 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - KITCHEN

CLEMENTINE
(with a brave smile)
Hello, John --

DOC
Clementine! --

Doc rises and starts toward her. Clementine rushes across the kitchen and takes him in her arms. Doc's embrace is forced and decidedly not warm. Wyatt rises and starts to go. Doc uses this as an excuse to break the clinch.

DOC
Uh Clementine -- may I present my friend, Mr. Earp. Miss Carter.

CLEMENTINE
We've met, John. Good evening, Mr. Earp.

WYATT
Howdy, ma'am.

CLEMENTINE
Mr. Earp -- was kind enough to show me to the hotel.

DOC
He didn't tell me that.

CLEMENTINE
I asked him not to. I wanted to surprise you.

WYATT
Well -- see you both later.

Wyatt exits toward the saloon.

CLEMENTINE
It's wonderful to see you again.. John.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

DOC
It's -- it's --

CLEMENTINE
You are pleased that I came?

DOC
(ill at ease)
Yes. Yes, of course. Have you had your dinner?

CLEMENTINE
No. But let's --

DOC
(to Francois)
Francois -- another place.

FRANCOIS'S VOICE
Oui, monsieur, oui.

Doc pulls out a chair. Clementine sits. During this:

DOC
We're having roast duck. I can't recall whether you like --

CLEMENTINE
It can wait.
(indulgently)
Sit down, John.

Doc sits. His face cannot conceal his inward agitation and Clementine of course notices it.

CLEMENTINE
My coming has made you unhappy,

DOC
It was ill advised --

CLEMENTINE
Any less ill advised than the way you left Boston?

DOC
That was different. I --

Francois enters SHOT, carrying a few plates, silverware, etc.

FRANCOIS
Pardonez-moi.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont. 1)

Francois arranges the plates.

CLEMENTINE
I'm not hungry, John. Can't we go somewhere and talk?

DOC
Talk will get us nothing. Leave us, Francois.

FRANCOIS
(exits)
Oui, monsieur.

DOC
How did you know I was here?

CLEMENTINE
I didn't. Finding you hasn't been easy. From cow camp to cow camp. From one mining town to another.
(feigning lightness)
I should think that if nothing more -- you'd be at least flattered to have a girl throw herself at --

DOC
You must go back. This is no place for you -- your kind of person.

CLEMENTINE
(pleasantly)
What kind of person am I, John? Surely you must never have known the real me -- if --

DOC
I don't want to be rude Clem, but you must go back. To your home -- your family -- to a new life. Ours is finished -- done.

Doc is hit by a paroxysm of coughing. He quickly pulls his handkerchief out -- rises and exits toward the rear of the kitchen. ON SOUND TRACK, Doc's coughing continues. Clementine remains seated for a while -- highly perturbed. She rises and walks toward the rear of the kitchen. She stops at the stove where Francois looks toward Doc, shaking his head sympathetically.

CLEMENTINE
Does this happen often, Francois?

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont. 2)

FRANCOIS
Oui, mademoiselle. Each time is worse.

It begins to dawn on Clementine that Doc is very ill. She crosses to the rear door.

97 EXT. KITCHEN - SHED

Doc's coughing spell lets up as Clementine comes out. When he looks up and sees her, he is embarrassed and angry.

CLEMENTINE
You are ill, John. So that's the reason you left.

DOC
(harshly)
It had nothing to do with it.

She goes up closer to him.

CLEMENTINE
(warmly)
Foolish -- foolish John. As if that would have mattered.

DOC
I tell you, Clem -- it had nothing to do with it.

CLEMENTINE
Please, John. No fine young doctor -- a week before his marriage --

DOC
I tell you again, Clem -- the condition of my health had nothing to do with it!

CLEMENTINE
(feigns lightness)
You leave me the sad choice of believing that I was left at the altar unwanted.
(sincerely)
I don't believe that, John. That's not the truth.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

DOC
Then I'll give you the truth -- unvarnished...unadulterated. The man you once knew and loved is gone. There's not a vestige of him left. Nothing. Come, I'll take you back to the hotel.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Doc takes her arm and escorts her down a dark alley that leads to the street. They walk along in silence for a while.

CLEMENTINE
John, do you remember the case at St. Vincents -- I was still an undergraduate and you were taking your internship. The patient was Tommy Green -- a boy about twelve -- spinal meningitis. Everyone gave him up but you. You said 'Facts to the contrary, that boy'll get well, Clem -- because he has the will to live.' He did.

They come out on the street -- opposite Kate Nelson's boarding house. From within a piano is banging appropriate boarding house music. Hanging out of the window of Kate's house is Julia.

JULIA
Yoo hoo, Doc! Does Chihuahua know you're out?

Doc and Clementine look up. Kate appears in the window -- pulls Julia back in, slams the door and slaps Julia's face. Clem can't repress a smile.

CLEM
I won you away from Ethel Hastings -- I imagine I can cope with Miss Chihuahua.

DOC
(quietly with finality)
You're going back, Clem ... tomorrow.

Clem's face momentarily saddens, -- then, as she looks up to him, an impish smile of defiant determination comes over it. In this encounter of looks -- Doc has

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont. 1)

momentarily lost ground. They cross the street to the hotel. A few miners are grouped before the entrance... obstructing traffic. Doc rather roughly shoves the nearest miner. He swings around ready to do battle --

MINER
Who do you think --
(recognizes Doc)
Sorry, Doc.

The group of miners part. Doc and Clementine pass through and enter the hotel.

98 INT. MANSION HOUSE - LOBBY

DOC
(removes his hat)
Goodbye, Clem. I'm -- I'm sorry, Clem -- I --

CLEM
You won't reconsider and return with me, John?

DOC
(with a bitter smile)
A forceps or a scalpel after this.
(slaps his holster)

CLEMENTINE
(quietly emotional)
You've become a coward, John. You're running away from life. Your illness has made you terrified and frightened of it. A silly notion of self-sacrifice -- of not wanting to hurt people who love you -- salves your conscience -- and makes you think that what you're doing is right. It isn't. I'm only one of those people who love you, John. There is your mother -- your sister -- a world of friends. I came for them as well as for myself. Surely you don't think that "I'm sorry, Clem" will do as an answer. It may for them -- but not for me.

DOC
Quite a speech. Are you finished?

CLEM
(quietly)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

DOC
Then I'll make one. Short and final. Doctor John Holliday is dead. Everything was buried with him. His love for his mother -- his sister -- his world of friends -- yes, even his love for Clementine Carter. And as for his epitaph -- you've chosen an appropriate one -- coward.

CLEM
Please, John -- come back home..to kindness and love. The will to live will grow stronger -- faith will return. If you would only come back.

DOC
As a decaying chlorotic invalid? I couldn't stand that. No -- my mind is made up. Goodbye, Clem. Don't reproach yourself for having failed. You've been splendid. Continue to be. Please leave here tomorrow. If you don't, I will.

He turns abruptly and exits. Clementine stands watching him for a moment. Tears well in her eyes. She fights them back -- then turns and runs up the stairs.

99 EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - DOORWAY

Doc -- grim-faced -- crosses the street, goes up the steps of the saloon and enters.

100 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON

Doc crosses through the crowded saloon to the bar.

101 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON -

Before Wyatt, Virgil and Morgan are empty dishes. They have evidently just finished their meal. They look off and observe Doc.

102 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON -

Doc approaches the bar.

DOC
(to bartender)
Johnny, my whisky!

The bartender sets a bottle of whisky and a glass on the bar. Doc fills the glass and downs the drink in one gulp.

103 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - THE EARPS

The Earps exchange significant looks.

MORGAN
Doc's commencin early.

104 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - BAR

Doc downs another drink. Into SHOT comes Chihuahua.

CHIHUAHUA
Hello, Doc.
(to bartender)
A whisky, Johnny.
(to Doc)
Who was that prim-proper posy that was --

DOC
None of your business. Have your whisky and skidoo.

Chihuahua knows better than to argue. She tosses off her drink and exits sullenly.

105 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - THE EARPS

They have been watching Doc and Chihuahua.

VIRGIL
Looks like Chihuahua caught one on the chin.

MORGAN
I declare Doc can get more ugly per drink than any gent.....

WYATT
(rising)
Get out front and don't let no boozers in here tonight. I'll see if I can ease Doc off to bed.

MORGAN
Take care of yourself, Marshal. Virg and me ain't hankerin for your job.

Wyatt gives his brothers a reassuring smile and crosses to the bar.

WYATT
Howdy, Doc.

Doc pours himself a drink -- doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

WYATT
(to bartender)
Whisky.

The bartender sets a bottle and a glass before Wyatt. Doc toys with his glass of whisky. During this;

DOC
I thought you were a friend of mine.

WYATT
Reckoned I was.

DOC
Why didn't you tell me Miss Carter arrived?

WYATT
She told you why. Wanted to surprise you.

DOC
(bitterly)
She did that all right.

Doc tosses off another drink.

WYATT
I don't aim to poke my nose into a man's private business, Doc -- but from where I stand, a gent'll have to travel many a long mile before he comes onto a finer girl than Miss Carter -- or a prettier one for that matter.

Doc looks straight ahead -- says nothing. Wyatt takes a sip of his drink.

WYATT
Not a man west of the Mississippi who wouldn't give his shirt to --

DOC
That's enough, Earp. You are poking your nose into my private business.

WYATT
Just as you say, Doc.

He pours himself another drink and downs it. Wyatt looks at him appraisingly. Doc notices that Wyatt has been looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.1)

DOC
And this is my private business too.
(indicates the whisky)

WYATT
Keep that up and you'll be plumb out of business -- right soon.

DOC
(feeling his whisky)
You've given me an idea, Marshal, a brilliant idea.
(brightens, turns around and surveys the crowd)
About time I tempted fate a little. Who's here I don't particularly like?

WYATT
Easy, Doc. Many a coot here would like to build himself a reputation by filling you full of holes. No better time than when you're drinkin and can't defend yourself.

DOC
Defend myself? On the contrary, Marshal! Alcohol stimulates my brain -- makes my eyes sharper -- my fingers more flexible. See that individual with the beaver hat?

Doc points to a very tall thin man wearing a topper -- seated at the far end of the room playing cards.

DOC
Well, watch me part his hair.

As Doc reaches for his gun, Wyatt pulls his and boffs Doc on the head. Doc collapses in Wyatt's arms.

WYATT
(to bartender)
Lend a hand, Johnny. We'll take him to the hotel.

Johnny hops over the bar and takes hold of Doc's legs. As they carry Doc off, we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

106 INT. MANSION HOUSE - CLEMENTINE'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

Clementine is packing her suitcase. She takes the photograph, studies it sadly -- puts it on top of her clothes and closes the suitcase.

107 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - PORCH

Wyatt, dressed in a new outfit, is seated on the porch whittling on a piece of wood. It is early Sunday morning and the street is unusually quiet. To himself he is humming "Oh, My Darling Clementine." Virgil and Morgan come out from the hotel. Evidently they have just finished their breakfast. Morgan pats his stomach contentedly. Virgil works a toothpick in his teeth. Morgan sits down near Wyatt. Virgil sits on the porch rail. During this:

WYATT
Have a good breakfast?

MORGAN
Stowed away a skilletful of ham and eggs. Feel right good.

VIRGIL
Things bein a little quiet this mornin, we were figgerin on goin up to see James?

WYATT
Good idea.

MORGAN
Comin with us, Wyatt?

WYATT
Not just now. Maybe this afternoon.

108 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - REVERSE ANGLE

Riding down the street in a buckboard to which have been harnessed two beautiful pacers, are JOHN SIMPSON and his WIFE. Both are strong, rugged looking characters. Both are dressed in their Sunday best. When the buckboard comes up to the Mansion House, Simpson brings the horses to a stop.

SIMPSON
Good morning!

The Earps ad lib "Good morning."

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

SIMPSON
You gentlemen comin to church this mornin?

The Earps look inquiringly from one to another. Simpson's highstrung horses champ on the bit.

SIMPSON
Whoa up, Miriam. Dad-blast you, Sarah!
(to the Earps)
Havin our first social gatherin to raise enough money to get the church finished.

MRS. SIMPSON
Be awful nice if you single men come. Specially for the dancin.

WYATT
(rises)
Much obliged, ma'am -- but my brothers got a job of work to do, and I've sorta gotta hang around here.

SIMPSON
I understand. Keepin the peace is no whit less important. Good day!

Wyatt waves as the Simpsons turn the corner and ride down the side street.

109 EXT. MANSTON HOUSE - PORCH

The Earps feel a bit relieved and exchange mischievous smiles.

MORGAN
Now ain't you positively ashamed of yourself, Wyatt Earp. Lyin like an Injun on the Sabbath.

WYATT
I didn't tell no lie. I just gave em a lawyer's answer.

VIRGIL
Come on, Morg. Maybe we can get back in time for the dancin.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

MORGAN
(rises)
Me? Pity the lady that gets me for a partner. So long, Wyatt.

VIRGIL
So long.

WYATT
See you later.

Morgan and Virgil exit SHOT. Wyatt returns to his chair, begins whittling -- and resumes humming "Clementine."

Into SHOT comes Chihuahua -- carrying in one hand a bottle of Doc's whisky -- in the other a glass pitcher of milk. As she comes up the porch -- Wyatt looks up and sees her.

WYATT
G'morning.

Chihuahua shoots him a sneering look. Wyatt grins to himself.

WYATT
Little early, aren't you?

CHIHUAHUA
When Doc finds out you butted him last night -- he'll twist that tin badge around your heart.

WYATT
Now, be sure and don't forget to tell him.

Chihuahua throws her posterior at him and enters. Wyatt chuckles to himself.

110 INT. MANSION HOUSE - UPPER STAIRWAY

Chihuahua goes up the stairway. As she comes opposite Doc's room, Clementine's door opens and Clementine comes out carrying her suitcases. The girls look at each other appraisingly.

CLEMENTINE
(pleasantly)
I suppose you're Chihuahua.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

CHIHUAHUA
So you heard about me and Doc, huh? Well, that's the way it is and you're usin sense, gettin out of here. The sooner the better.

CLEMENTINE
You won't mind if I wait until the stage can take me?

CHIHUAHUA
(mimicking)
No...I won't mind. And send me a postal card from Boston.
(with venom)
I wanna be sure you got back safe.

Chihuahua opens Doc's door and enters. Clem is inwardly hurt. She gets a grip on herself. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she struggles down the stairway carrying her two suitcases. The proprietor is not at the desk.

Clementine rings the desk bell a couple of times.

CLEMENTINE
(calling)
Mr. Corrigan! Mr. Corrigan!

111 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - PORCH

Wyatt hearing Clementine calling, rises, folds his knife and enters the lobby.

112 INT. MANSION HOUSE - LOBBY

CLEMENTINE
Good morning, Mr. Earp.

WYATT
G'morning, ma'am. Reckon Corrigan's in the kitchen. You fixin to leave?

CLEMENTINE
Yes. When does the Eastbound stage go?

WYATT
Close on to noon. Pretty short visit.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

CLEMENTINE
Some people think I've overstayed my welcome already.

WYATT
(with a quick look toward the upper hallway)
Don't pay her no heed. She's just --

CLEMENTINE
Yes, I know. I suppose I can leave these here.
(indicates suitcases)

WYATT
They'll be safe. Have your breakfast?

CLEMENTINE
Hours ago. Thank you.

The church bell begins to ring. Both listen.

CLEMENTINE
Sounds like a church bell?
(Wyatt nods)
Yes, of course it's Sunday! You know, Mr. Earp, I believe this is the first church bell I've heard in months.

WYATT
That goes for everyone. First time it's been rung here.

Corrigan, the proprietor, bustles excitedly into SHOT.

CORRIGAN
What's <u>that</u>?

WYATT
Church bell.

CORRIGAN
Church bell? Bless my soul. John Simpson said he'd do it and he's <u>done</u> it!

Corrigan exits hurriedly toward the porch. Clementine and Wyatt follow him out.

113 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - PORCH (REVERSE ANGLE)

As they look off down the street -- the town seems to come alive. Here and there people appear -- all equally curious. Soon folks on horseback or in wagons ride down the street and turn into the side street. One wagonful contains the Mayor and his family. He waves to Wyatt as he rides by.

114 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - PORCH - TWO SHOT - (DOLLY)

Clementine and Wyatt look on. She has caught the spirit of the activity.

CLEMENTINE
A church comes to Tombstone, I think it's thrilling. Would you mind if I went along, Mr. Earp?

WYATT
(off balance)
Well--

CLEMENTINE
You were going, weren't you?

WYATT
Yes -- yes, ma'am?

CLEMENTINE
Shall we go?

Clementine takes Wyatt's arm. CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they walk by Kate Nelson's Boarding House. From the windows, Kate and some of her "ladies" are looking out.

KATE
(with affected dignity)
Good morning, Marshal.

WYATT
Howdy, Mrs. Nelson.
(covering up to Clementine)
A -- a ladies boardin house.

CLEMENTINE
(with a smile)
Yes, I know. We have them in Boston too.

Both laugh. Actually, it's the first time we have seen Wyatt happy. They walk along in silence for a while.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.)

CLEMENTINE
I saw you bring John back last night.

WYATT
Yeah...

CLEMENTINE
I looked in on him after you left. There was a blood spot on his pillow. Was he in a fight?

WYATT
He'll be all right ma'am.

CLEMENTINE
(worried)
Will he?

Wyatt observes her concern -- but says nothing.

They come up to a skeleton of the church building. The only thing completed is the floor and some studding that supports the bell tower. There is considerable activity about the church as a cross-section of Tombstone's citizens gather for their first service. Simpson is pulling on the bell rope with determination.

SIMPSON
(his face aglow)
You come after all, Marshal! Fine! Fine! Good mornin, young lady. We'll get this dad-blasted meetin under way in a jiffy.

Wyatt and Clementine are amused by Simpson's earthiness.

SIMPSON
(stops pulling the rope)
Step into the Lord's house, folks! It ain't a fittin place for Him yet -- but by the Cherumbim, it will be.
(to an elderly couple)
Mornin, Tom -- Mrs. Evans.

MRS. EVANS
Good mornin. What's this I hear from Marsha Goodwin about us havin dancin after the service. In a church, too. Ain't proper -- is it, Mr. Simpson?

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont. 1)

SIMPSON
Ain't proper? Mrs. Evans -- I've read the Good Book from cover to cover and back again and I nary found one word agin it. The Lord don't care how you praise Him -- when you praise Him or where you praise Him -- just so long as you keep on praisin Him. Inside folks -- inside.

As Wyatt, Clementine, the Evans Couple enter followed by Simpson, we

DISSOLVE:

115 ABOUT FIFTY PEOPLE -- MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

are seated on makeshift benches, chairs and wooden sawhorses. Simpson is up front before the "pulpit" which is an improvised and contrived easel on a soap box. He holds a prayer book in his hands and a fiddle tucked under his arm. Behind him are two flags. One is the American flag (38 stars in 1880) and the flag of the Territory of Arizona.

SIMPSON
Until we git a reg'lar church parson, I take it on myself to pass the Lord's word along -- hopin and prayin He'll forgive me for it. We'll commence by singin "Shall We Gather At The River."
(with true pride)
The first congregation of the Protestant Church of Tombstone will please rise.

The congregation rises and Simpson leads them in singing the above-mentioned hymn.

During the above, CAMERA has PANNED and COVERED all principals present. Among them is Old Man Clanton (without his sons) and the Town Drunk. When the prayer is concluded, Simpson indicates for everyone to sit.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

SIMPSON
The Good Book says: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail agin it." And I say to you, Lord, that nobody -- none of them likkered-up galoots over to the Oriental or Silver Strike Saloon -- none of them rustlers -- outlaws -- hurray boys -- nor Kate Nelson and her dancin hall gals, can stop Your word from bein heard in Tombstone. Now that we got Wyatt Earp and his brothers keepin the peace, Lord -- Your word and the law will march together. We're gainin on em all the time, Lord. We got a good holt of the devil and by the cherubim, we won't let go. And now, Lord, we ask Your blessing on this here church we're buildin, and in Your name -- I give thanks for the donations and offerings we are about to collect.

Get goin, Tom -- Jess, Pass the hats. Refreshments and dancin will now commence.

So saying, Simpson steps down from the pulpit and starts playing. Other musicians join in. A few of the men pass their top hats around...others begin talking in groups...dancing.

116 INT. CHURCH - WYATT - CLEMENTINE

CLEMENTINE
(spiritually impressed)
I won't forget this for a long time. Thank you, Mr. Earp, for bringing me.

WYATT
(smiles)
It's the other way around. Truth is I wasn't comin. Mighty glad I did though.

Evans comes into SHOT with the collection hat. Wyatt and Clementine each drop in a silver dollar.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

EVANS
Much obliged, folks.

Evans exits.

CLEMENTINE
If you have the time, Mr. Earp --
I'd like to stay for the dancing.

WYATT
I've got plenty of time -- but
I'm not much of a hand at dancin.

CLEMENTINE
Nonsense. You're probably a polished
dancer.

WYATT
No, ma'am. And you can take my word
for it.

DISSOLVE:

117 INT. CHURCH - CLOSE SHOT

Wyatt and Clementine are dancing. (To the music of three fiddlers) Wyatt -- decidedly no Massine -- is giving his all.

WYATT
Can't say I didn't warn you.

CLEMENTINE
(smilingly)
What you may lack in polish, you make up in zeal -- Mr. Earp.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to a FULL SHOT revealing that the church floor has been cleared of the benches and chairs, etc. Some of the citizens, including Simpson and his wife, are dancing -- others on the fringes -- are having refreshments and visiting. In the b.g. Morgan and Virgil enter.

118 INT. CHURCH - MED. SHOT

Virgil and Morgan look off and are surprised to see Wyatt here.

VIRGIL
That lyin son-of-a-prairie dog.

MORGAN
(primping)
Can't blame him none -- with a ladies' man like me around.

VIRGIL
She sure is pretty.

MORGAN
Sure is. Reminds me some of Nancy.

119 INT. CHURCH - ANOTHER ANGLE

The music stops. Wyatt and Clementine finish with a flourish.

CLEMENTINE
Thank you, Mr. Earp.

WYATT
My pleasure, ma'am.

Virgil and Morgan enter SHOT.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

WYATT
Howdy. My brothers. Morgan and Virgil. Miss Carter.

CLEMENTINE
How do you do?

MORGAN
Howdy.

VIRGIL
(the cavalier)
Pleased to meet you, Miss Carter.

The music starts again.

VIRGIL
Would you like dancin this piece with me, ma'am?

CLEMENTINE
I'd be delighted.

VIRGIL
Step aside, men, and watch an old hand cut loose.

Virgil and Clementine dance away. Wyatt and Morgan watch them for a minute.

MORGAN
Daw-gone -- if that kid ain't a stepper. Takes after Pa.

WYATT
I don't.

Old man Clanton eases into SHOT.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Good mornin, sons.

WYATT
G'mornin.

Morgan nods.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Nice party.

WYATT
Fine.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont. 1)

OLD MAN CLANTON
Been meaning to ask you. Find out anymore who rustled your cattle?

WYATT
Got a pretty fair idea.

OLD MAN CLANTON
That's so? Good. Maybe this town'll turn out like Simpson said -- honest and God-fearin'. When you figgerin' on roundin' up these rustlers?

WYATT
Haven't made up my mind yet.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Got a big shipment to make next week. Be safer to wait until you've got em cooped up. You think so?

WYATT
It would.

OLD MAN CLANTON
You couldn't be giving me an idea just about when you --

WYATT
It won't be long, Mr. Clanton -- and I promise you, you'll be one of the first to know.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Much obliged.

Old man Clanton shuffles out of SHOT.

MORGAN
(quietly)
What are you waitin' for, Wyatt? I'd bet my right eye that swamp-crook and his sons were mixed up in it. I got an annoyin' feelin' about it.

WYATT
Maybe. But you can't hang a man on an annoyin' feelin'.

120 INT. CHURCH - DANCE FLOOR

Virgil and Clementine are dancing nicely together.

121 INT. CHURCH - FRINGE OF CROWD

A group of people are around a punch bowl. Among them the Town Drunk. A lady offers him a glass of punch. He tastes it -- swallows it with difficulty -- then surreptitiously sets it down on the table -- shakes his head and exits sadly from the building.

122 INT. CHURCH - ANOTHER ANGLE

Kate Nelson, dressed conservatively, enters. She remains standing there -- uncertainty written on her face. Simpson comes over to her.

SIMPSON
Good mornin', Kate.

KATE
Good mornin', Mr. Simpson.
(holds out a leather pouch)
I -- I -- brought you some money if -- if you don't mind takin' it from me.

SIMPSON
Mind? I should say not. That'll be payin' Jacob back for what Esau done to him.
(grabs the pouch)

KATE
I'm much obliged to you.

SIMPSON
Look here, Kate. Not over an hour ago -- I got through cussin' you out to the Lord -- and I'm gonna keep a-doin' it. But by the Cherubim and the Seraphim, when you're in His House, you're welcome.

KATE
Mighty kind of you, Mr. Simpson.

SIMPSON
The Lord's kind...when you get to know Him better. Step in and join the folks.

Simpson exits.

123 INT. CHURCH - ANOTHER ANGLE

Kate is a pathetic creature as she stands there -- not knowing whether to come farther or leave. Wyatt sees her and goes up to her.

WYATT
Risk a dance with me, Mrs. Nelson?

KATE
Reckon -- it be the other way around. If you're gambler enough...

Wyatt puts his arm about Kate and they dance away.

124 INT. CHURCH - CLOSE SHOT - VIRGIL - CLEMENTINE

Clementine notices Wyatt dancing with Kate.

CLEMENTINE
Isn't that Mrs. Nelson?

Virgil gives a quick "take" not unnoticed by CLEMENTINE who smiles mischievously.

VIRGIL
Yes -- yes -- I think so. How -- do you know her?

CLEMENTINE
Doesn't everyone? She was even mentioned from the pulpit today.

VIRGIL
Darned if I can figger Wyatt out. But you can be sure, ma'am -- he don't do nothin unless he's got a good purpose.

CLEMENTINE
I'm sure of that, Mr. Earp. No gentleman does.

125 INT. CHURCH - WYATT - KATE

They are dancing. Kate is heated and puffing.

KATE
I'm for quittin -- if you are.

They stop.

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

KATE
Whew! The spirit's willin -- but the flesh ain't.

They walk to the sidelines.

KATE
Much obliged, Mr. Earp. Guess I'll be going. So long -- and -- bless you, son.

WYATT
So long.

Kate exits. Wyatt walks back to Morgan.

MORGAN
You took after Pa then.

Wyatt acknowledges Morgan's compliment with a brotherly look. The music has stopped. Virgil and Clementine enter SHOT -- both are smiling.

CLEMENTINE
(with a western twang)
He's sure an old hand and he sure did cut loose.

Everyone smiles.

CLEMENTINE
(to Morgan)
Now -- what about you?

MORGAN
No -- I thank you. I -- I've got to get along. Come on, Virg. Excuse us, ma'am.

VIRGIL
But the dance --

MORGAN
We get work to do. Come on.

Morgan practically pulls Virgil away with him -- leaving Clementine and Wyatt amused.

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont. 1)

CLEMENTINE
They're nice. I like the Earp brothers. Are there more?

WYATT
No, ma'am. There were four -- up until a while back.

CLEMENTINE
What do you mean, Mr. Earp?

WYATT
The youngest, James was killed by rustlers.

CLEMENTINE
I'm terribly sorry.

WYATT
He's buried out in the valley -- not far from here. Planned on goin out there. Pretty nice ride -- if you'd like to come, ma'am.

CLEMENTINE
I'd very much like to. I'll be back in time for the stage, won't I?

WYATT
Won't take but an hour or so. We can fetch a wagon over to the O.K. Corral.

CLEMENTINE
Then let's do it.

As they start away, we

DISSOLVE:

126 EXT. VALLEY - SITE OF JAMES' GRAVE

Wyatt and Clementine are standing silently by James' grave. Nearby is a horse and buckboard. Tears well in Clementine's eyes. She tries to fight them back.

CLEMENTINE
If you won't think me childish, Mr. Earp -- I'd like to cry.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

She sits down on the rock close by and drops her face into her hands. Wyatt watches her silently. After a while -- she gains control of herself, looks up -- and smiles.

CLEMENTINE
(drying her tears)
You do think I'm childish?

WYATT
Reckoned you had a cry comin to you.

CLEMENTINE
I admire you and your brothers. Your courage -- I mean.

WYATT
You were puttin up a pretty good show yourself.

CLEMENTINE
I don't know what I would have done this morning without your help, Mr. Earp. Months and months of anxiety and uncertainty -- and suddenly everything goes up in flames.

WYATT
I wouldn't be fixin to leave if I were you.

CLEMENTINE
What else can I do? I've pleaded - I've begged. John seems farther away from me now than ever.

WYATT
I can't figger out lots of things Doc does -- but one thing I'm sure of, he still cares for you.

CLEMENTINE
But not strongly enough to make him care whether he lives or dies.

WYATT
Maybe. But if I was you, I'd give it more of a chance than one day. If you don't, Doc's washed up. Reckon we ought to get on back.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont. 1)

Clementine rises. They go over to the wagon. Wyatt helps her in. He hops in -- takes the reins and the horse starts away.

DISSOLVE:

127 EXT. VALLEY - WAGON - LONG SHOT

Wyatt and Clementine driving through the picturesque valley.

128 CLEMENTINE

who is looking about -- deeply impressed by the monuments.

CLEMENTINE
The wonder and power of it all!
And yet so melancholy and lonely.

Unconsciously Wyatt begins to hum "Oh, My Darling Clementine."

CLEMENTINE
That song. "My Darling Clementine," isn't it?

WYATT
Yes, ma'am. James used to sing it all the time.

CLEMENTINE
Is that why you liked my name?

Wyatt looks at Clementine for a long time with sincere admiration.

WYATT
Reckon so, ma'am.

CAMERA HOLDS on the wagon as it goes down the valley and disappears around the corner of a monument.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

129 CAMERA COMES IN on the narrow-mouthed pitcher of milk we have seen Chihuahua carrying to Doc's room. Doc's hand -- holding a whiskey bottle -- comes into SHOT. He inverts the bottle -- lets go of it -- and allows the whiskey to gurgle into the milk.

CHIHUAHUA
Please, Doc. Not the whole bottle --

CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are in Doc's bedroom. His hair is disheveled and his face is heavily lined. Chihuahua is standing by the front window.

CHIHUAHUA
-- it'll kill you for sure.

Doc gives Chihuahua a grim smile..,and watches the bottle empty.

DOC
Few men can leave behind a more beautiful mourner.

Chihuahua observes him pour a waterglassful of the mixture. He drinks it down in one gulp. He then fills the glass again -- drinks about half --

DOC
Alcohol and milk. One is potent, inflammable, destructive. The other is docile, sweet, helpful.

As he drinks the remainder of the mixture, Chihuahua parts the curtains and steals a glimpse of the street below.

CHIHUAHUA
(petulant)
Miss Milk will be leavin right soon.

DOC
I like jealousy in a woman. One of your most enviable traits, my dear.

Coming from the street, the sound of a door slamming is heard. Followed by the stagecoach driver's voice urging his horses forward. "Giddap, Buster, Gabriel," -- etc. Chihuahua parts the curtains and looks out of the window. Doc walks up to her -- does likewise.

118

130 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - LONG SHOT FROM DOC'S ANGLE

The stagecoach rumbles down the street.

131 INT. MANSION HOUSE - DOC'S BEDROOM

Doc's face is bleak and stony as he turns and looks at Chihuahua -- her face has a perceptible feline quality about it. Her eyes reflect her triumph. He studies her for a moment -- then his face breaks into a grin.

DOC
Happy, aren't you?

CHIHUAHUA
(seductively)
I ain't sad.

DOC
That's what I like about you. An uncompromising wench -- clear to the bone -- and proud of it. Get over to Francois. Tell him to prepare a royal feast -- champagne and everything. Tell him the Queen is dead..long live the Queen.

He bows. Chihuahua gives him a big grateful smile and exits.

DISSOLVE:

132 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - KITCHEN - (DAY)

Francois has the table set in grand style -- even to the bottle of champagne resting in a wooden-bucketful of ice. Chihuahua -- wearing another dress -- enters. She is having difficulty pinning to her dress the brooch.

CHIHUAHUA
Everything ready, Francois?

FRANCOIS
(peeved)
For a half hour. If Monsieur Doc is not here presently -- everything will be ruined.

CHIHUAHUA
He'll be here soon. Help me with this. What did you cook?

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

FRANCOIS
(as he pins on brooch)
Cook? I am not a magician. I have no time to cook. I make fricassee of roast duck.

CHIHUAHUA
Must be good. Never heard of it.

FRANCOIS
Nobody, mademoiselle, has ever heard of it.

DISSOLVE:

133 INT. MANSION HOUSE - STAIRWAY

Doc dressed in a handsome day suit -- comes down the stairs. As he comes opposite the archway leading to the dining room -- he looks off -- stops, transfigured.

134 INT. MANSION HOUSE - DINING ROOM

At a table near the archway -- are Clementine and Wyatt -- both drinking their coffee. Both look off -- expectantly.

135 INT. MANSION HOUSE - LOBBY

Doc's face is grimly set.

DOC
I told you last night -- Clem. If you didn't leave -- I would.

He turns abruptly and exits -- slamming the door after him.

CLEMENTINE'S VOICE
John! Please, John ---

Clementine hurries into SHOT - stops at the door -- helplessly. Tears come to her eyes. She suppresses them -- turns -- passes Wyatt standing in the archway looking on concernedly -- and runs up the stairs. Wyatt exits toward the street after Doc.

136 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET

Wyatt hurries after Doc.

WYATT
Hey, Doc! Hey, Doc!

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

Doc stops as Wyatt comes up to him.

WYATT
Now look, Doc --

DOC
We've nothing to say to each other. I warned you this was my private business. Now keep out of it -- or start carrying your guns.

WYATT
All right, Doc. Sorry you feel that way.

DOC
That's exactly how I feel.

Doc exits SHOT. Wyatt walks back slowly to the Mansion House and enters.

137 INT. MANSION HOUSE - LOBBY

Wyatt enters -- stops -- thinks -- looks toward the upper hallway -- then goes into the hotel bar.

138 EXT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE

The Wells Fargo building is located near the Bird Cage Theatre. Standing before it, is the Wells Fargo stage-coach (previously established in Scene 27), used for shipping currency and bullion. The "SHOTGUN" comes out of the office and is ready to take his place beside the driver.

DOC'S VOICE
Hold up a minute!

The "Shotgun" and driver look back -- as Doc enters SHOT.

DOC
I'm going with you.

WELLS FARGO DRIVER
You know we don't take no passengers, Doc.

Doc looks in through the window of the stage.

SHOTGUN
We're haulin bullion -- full up clear to the roof.

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

DOC
(to Shotgun)
Give me this.
(takes rifle)
I'll ride shotgun.

DRIVER
Look here, Doc --

DOC
(as he gets up on the seat)
Are you drivin -- or do I do that too?

Doc gives the horses a lash. The coach starts away with a lurch -- leaving the Shotgun standing in the street completely baffled. The WELLS FARGO MANAGER runs out.

WELLS FARGO MANAGER
What happened?

SHOTGUN
Doc Holliday. In a powerful hurry to go somewhere. He's ridin shotgun.

WELLS FARGO MANAGER
Good. Rode shotgun for me in Denver onct. Shipment's sure to get through safe now.
(exits)

The Shotgun "takes" it -- shrugs. The sound of horses hooves -- coming at a fast clip -- is heard. The Shotgun can barely get out of his way as a horse bearing Billy Clanton comes by. As he goes by, Billy, in a playful mood, lifts the Shotgun's hat off his head and sails it back toward its owner. It lands on the ground. The Shotgun picks it up.

SHOTGUN
(grumblingly)
Durn that Billy Clanton.

139 EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON

Billy Clanton -- rides up to the hitching rail -- dismounts -- waves to a few hangers-on -- and enters the saloon.

140 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON

Billy Clanton stands near the doorway -- obviously looking for Chihuahua.

141 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - ENTRANCE TO KITCHEN

Chihuahua enters from the kitchen and goes to the bar. She looks about impatiently for Doc.

142 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON

Billy Clanton's face brightens. CAMERA FOLLOWS him to the bar. As he comes up behind Chihuahua, he slips his arms around her.

BILLY
Howdy, Chihuahua -- sweetheart.

Chihuahua frowns -- forces his arms away.

BILLY
What you sore at now?

CHIHUAHUA
Nothin -- only --

BILLY
Only what?

CHIHUAHUA
Nothin.

BILLY
I suppose it's Doc again. Been waitin for him? Look here, Chihuahua --

CHIHUAHUA
Don't start nothin here, Billy Clanton. If you wanna see me -- you know....

BILLY
All right, sweetheart. See you later on.

As Billy starts to exit -- the Shotgun comes up.

SHOTGUN
(cleaning his hat)
Don't see nothin funny in jokes like that.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

BILLY
Ah, go on, Ben. Ain't you got a sense of humor?

Billy tosses a coin on the bar.

BILLY
Give Ben a couple of whiskies.

Billy exits. The Shotgun goes up to the bar -- near Chihuahua. The bartender sets up a drink for the Shotgun. During this:

BARTENDER
Ain't you gone yet?

SHOTGUN
(sore)
Ain't goin.

BARTENDER
Needn't tear my head off.

SHOTGUN
Don't mean to, Johnny. It's that I'm all riled up. First, Doc Holliday boots me off the stage --
(Chihuahua reacts)
then that young Billy Clanton --

CHIHUAHUA
Did you say somethin about Doc?

SHOTGUN
Yeah. Pulled out of here in a cloud of dust.

CHIHUAHUA
When?

SHOTGUN
Not too long ago.

Chihuahua reacts. Her face clouds. Then a thought comes into her eyes. Determinedly she exits toward the street.

143 EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - MOVING SHOT

Chihuahua -- taking businesslike strides, goes across the street and up the stairs into the Mansion House.

144 INT. MANSION HOUSE - LOBBY

Chihuahua crosses the lobby (in the b.g. Wyatt is at the bar -- his back toward Chihuahua) and goes up the stairway.

145 INT. MANSION HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY

Chihuahua -- fire in her eyes -- strides down the hallway to Clementine's room. Without knocking she turns the knob and kicks the door open. Clementine -- who had been lying on the bed -- her head buried in the pillow -- looks up surprised.

146 INT. MANSION HOUSE - CLEMENTINE'S BEDROOM

CHIHUAHUA
Just as I thought.

Chihuahua steps into the room - kicks the door shut. Clementine sits up.

CLEMENTINE
What do you want here?

CHIHUAHUA
The Benson stage goes in an hour. I'm gonna make sure you're on it this time.

Chihuahua goes up to Clementine's suitcases. One has been opened. She begins in helter-skelter fashion tossing a few of Clementine's things into it.

CLEMENTINE
Stop that and get out of here!

Chihuahua ignores Clementine -- proceeds with packing. Clementine furious -- rushes up to Chihuahua, grabs both her arms and starts to shove her out. Chihuahua wriggles out of Clementine's hands -- turns and slaps Clementine's cheeks -- first with the palm of her hand -- next with the back of her hand. A knock-down drag-out fight commences.

147 INT. MANSION HOUSE

Wyatt is seated at a table playing poker. He reacts to the SOUND of a crash coming from above. He listens. Another crash.

CHIHUAHUA
You prim-posy....

Another crash. Wyatt gets up and rushes into the lobby. He takes the stairs three at a time.

148 INT. MANSION HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY

Wyatt rushes down the hallway...opens Clementine's door. Both the girls and the room give a striking evidence that a fight has been in progress. A smashed oil lamp and a vase are on the floor -- together with some of the girls' belongings -- such as hair brushes, combs, etc. As Wyatt enters, Chihuahua has a firm grip on a handful of Clementine's voluminous hair. Clementine struggles to free herself. She shoots a straight one at Chihuahua's jaw -- which accomplishes the trick. Wyatt rushes in, parts them. Chihuahua, roaring mad, kicks wildly at Wyatt's legs. His straight arm holds her out of range. When she persists -- he shakes her violently -- nearly knocking her head off. She quiets down.

WYATT
What are you doin up here?

CHIHUAHUA
None of your business.

WYATT
Get out.

Chihuahua -- sullenly adjusts her dress -- picks up her comb -- a few buttons that have been torn from her dress and looks about the floor for something else.

WYATT
If there's anything else -- I'll see that it gets back to you. Now skidoo.

Chihuahua goes to the door -- turns -- then sees something under the bed that belongs to her. She starts toward the bed.

WYATT
Now what?

Chihuahua -- defiantly ignores Wyatt -- swaggers over to the bed -- reaches down and picks up her brooch. As Wyatt sees it -- his jaw drops. Quick as a flash -- he grabs it out of Chihuahua's hand.

CHIHUAHUA
Give that back. It's mine.

Wyatt stares at the brooch incredulously.

CHIHUAHUA
Give it back. I tell you it's mine.

CLEMENTINE
It is hers, Mr. Earp.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

WYATT
Where did you get it?

CHIHUAHUA
None of your business.

WYATT
(grabs her wrist)
Yes, it is. Where did you get it?

CHIHUAHUA
Ouch -- you're hurtin me -- you big --

WYATT
Where did you get it?

CHIHUAHUA
Doc gave it to me.

WYATT
(reacts)
Doc? You're lyin.

CHIHUAHUA
I swear it.

Wyatt releases her wrist. Chihuahua spits at him. Wyatt ignores it.

WYATT
When?

CHIHUAHUA
(sneering; bragging -- all for Clementine's benefit)
A couple of days ago. Brought it back for me from Mexico. Like he always does.
(spreads her fingers and shows her rings)
These too.

Wyatt turns abruptly and exits.

CHIHUAHUA
Hey -- give that back to me!

Chihuahua rushes after Wyatt -- turns in the doorway.

CHIHUAHUA
You're nothing but trouble.

Chihuahua exits. Clementine smiles wanly -- sits down on the bed -- forlornly.

149 EXT. MANSION HOUSE - (MOVING SHOT)

Wyatt -- stone-faced -- walks toward his office in the jail building. He passes a few characters among whom is the TOWN DRUNK. The latter waves to him. He doesn't respond. He continues on oblivious to everything about him. He enters the jail.

150 INT. JAIL

Wyatt enters the small hallway -- opens the door to the office and goes in.

151 INT. JAIL - WYATT'S OFFICE

Wyatt goes up to the far wall -- takes down his gun belt to which are fastened two holsters with his six-shooters in them. As he fastens the belt around him, the JAILER enters.

JAILER
Howdy, Marshal. What's up.

WYATT
See anything of my brothers?

JAILER
They've gone up to Contention Mine -- investigate a shootin. Kin I help you?

WYATT
No -- thanks.

Wyatt exits to the hallway.

152 INT. JAIL - HALLWAY

Wyatt enters the hallway -- and exits toward the street.

153 EXT. JAIL - MOVING SHOT

Wyatt comes out of the jail -- and walks toward the Oriental Saloon. Again he passes the Town Drunk. This time the Town Drunk doesn't greet him -- merely looks on sadly. Wyatt walks up to the Oriental Saloon and enters.

154 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - DOORWAY

Wyatt looks about. CAMERA FOLLOWS him over to the bar.

WYATT
(to bartender)
See Doc around?

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

BARTENDER
Old Ben here --
(indicates Shotgun)
says Doc booted him off the bullion stage and took his place.

SHOTGUN
That's right, Marshal.

WYATT
Where was the stage bound for?

SHOTGUN
Bisbee.

Wyatt exits. Both men look on wonderingly.

DISSOLVE:

155 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY (#1) - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The Wells Fargo stage is bouncing over the rutty road.

156 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY - MED. SHOT

Doc sits beside the driver -- shotgun across his lap. He is stony-faced. The horses are at a gallop.

DOC
Faster!

DRIVER
Can't. Kill the horses and us too!

Doc gives the driver a withering look and lashes the horses.

157 EXT. O.K. CORRAL - MED. SHOT

Wyatt mounts a horse.

WYATT
(to WRANGLER)
If you see my brothers, tell em I'll be back later.

The wrangler waves acknowledgement. Wyatt starts away at a gallop.

DISSOLVE:

158 EXT. WAY STATION - MED. SHOT

A small outpost consisting of a canteen and a stable which serves as an intermediary stop on the stage line. The Wells Fargo coach is stopped here. The horses pant and steam. The proprietor of the way station hands up to Doc a half gallon jug of whiskey. Doc gives him a fistful of silver dollars. Doc uncorks the jug -- takes a long swig -- offers the jug to the driver -- who shakes his head. Doc, with a flick of his hand, signals to the driver to proceed. The stage starts away.

DISSOLVE:

159 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY (#2) - FULL SHOT

The stage is beginning to climb into hilly country.

160 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY (#2) - MED. SHOT

Doc takes another swig from the jug. The driver gives him a glance -- shakes his head.

161 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY (#1)

Wyatt riding at full speed.

162 EXT. WESTERN COUNTRY (#2)

The stage has slowed down to a walk.

DOC
When we get past Alkali Point -- take the trail to Mexico.

DRIVER
Mexico? Why ---

DOC
Take it.

163 EXT. WAY STATION

As Wyatt rides in and stops, the proprietor comes out.

WYATT
How long ago'd the Fargo stage go through?

WAY STATION PROPRIETOR
Fifteen, twenty minutes.

WYATT
Was Doc Holliday on it?

163 (Cont.)

WAY STATION PROPRIETOR
Yup. Bought a jug of whiskey and went right at it. From the looks of things he was aimin to get boozed up in a hurry.

WYATT
Can I loan a fresh horse?

WAY STATION PROPRIETOR
Yours done in?

WYATT
No. Need an extra one.

There are several horses tied in the shade of the single tree.

WAY STATION PROPRIETOR
Take that roan on the end.

WYATT
(moving)
Much obliged. I'll send him back.

Without dismounting, he reaches out, unties the roan and rides off with the second horse in tow.

DISSOLVE:

164 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY

Wyatt, leading the second horse, galloping in pursuit of the stage.

165 ANOTHER SHOT

Wyatt leaves the road and takes off up a hill on a short cut.

DISSOLVE TO:

166 EXT. COUNTRY

Wyatt comes along the top of the ridge, looks off and sees the stage climbing the ridge along the winding road.

167 LONG SHOT - STAGECOACH

Coming up the grade towards the top of the ridge.

168 EXT. COUNTRY - WYATT

Rides off to intercept the stage at the top.

169 EXT. NEAR TOP OF GRADE

The horses have had to slow down as they pull the stage up the grade. At the top, the driver's view is blocked by a big boulder jutting out beside the road. As the stage nears this Wyatt appears out from behind the boulder, blocking the road. The driver pulls up. Doc and Wyatt stare at each other. Wyatt dismounts. The driver listens with growing nervousness, as:

WYATT
I want to talk to you, Doc.

DOC
I told you we were through talking.

WYATT
I'm here on different business.

Wyatt walks toward the stage...hands at his side.

DOC
Stop where you are, Earp.

Wyatt continues walking, Doc jumps off the stage.

WYATT
Get on that horse, Doc. You're coming back to Tombstone with me.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

DOC
I'm warning you, Earp - I'm not going back.

WYATT
Reckon in that case I'm gonna have to take you back.

Doc's face lights up with a bitter grin as he sees that this is the showdown.

DOC
All right, Earp -- I always said it would be an interesting draw. Ready?

WYATT
You call it.

DOC
Go!

Doc goes for his gun. So does Wyatt. Both guns speak almost together. Doc grimaces with pain as his gun falls from his hand. Wyatt walks up to him -- examines the arm. The blood is soaking through Doc's sleeve. Wyatt takes out his knife and slits the sleeve open.

WYATT
Don't look too bad.

DOC
You're a bad shot, Marshal. Didn't even hit the bone.

Wyatt takes off his scarf -- and makes a tourniquet out of it.

DOC
(holding the knot)
The jug. Up there.

Wyatt reaches up -- takes down the jug -- uncorks it. He tilts it so Doc can take a drink.

DOC
Thanks.

WYATT
Do some good here -- won't it?
(indicates wound)

DOC
Does good everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont. 1)

Wyatt pours the whiskey on the wound. Doc winces momentarily. Wyatt is about to pour some more.

DOC
Now you're wasting it.

Wyatt offers Doc the very last of the jug. Doc drains it. Wyatt reaches into Doc's jacket -- takes out Doc's large handkerchief and begins bandaging the wound.

DOC
Bringing me back like this should enhance your career - considerably.

WYATT
Might.

Wyatt knots the handkerchief.

WYATT
Let's go.

As both men walk toward the horses, we

DISSOLVE:

170 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - NIGHT

Wyatt and Doc ride up to the Oriental Saloon. Hangers-on -- among them the Town Drunk -- look on curiously. Wyatt and Doc dismount -- and walk toward the entrance of the saloon. Wyatt opens the door. Doc enters. He follows.

171 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - FULL SHOT

As usual the saloon is crowded, smoky and noisy. As Wyatt and Doc cross to the bar -- a hush falls on the place.

WYATT
(to bartender)
Chihuahua around?

BARTENDER
Gone up to her room -- to change.

Doc leads the way to the rear door. Wyatt follows.

172 INT. CHIHUAHUA'S ROOM

Chihuahua is seated by a mirror -- brushing her hair. She is wearing a dancing costume. Perhaps she hums the song "Four Little White Doves."

173 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - UPPER HALLWAY

Doc and Wyatt come down the hallway and stop at Chihuahua's door. Doc nods. Wyatt knocks on the door.

CHIHUAHUA'S VOICE
Who is it?

WYATT
Wyatt Earp.

174 INT. CHIHUAHUA'S ROOM

CHIHUAHUA
Skiddoo. I'm busy.

DOC'S VOICE
Open the door, Chihuahua.

Chihuahua's face freezes. Simultaneously we see the reflection of Billy Clanton's face appear in the mirror. Billy has evidently been reclining on the couch.

CHIHUAHUA
Oh -- just a minute, Doc -- till I get somethin on.

During the above -- Chihuahua has pantomimed for Billy to leave through the window.

BILLY
Nobody's chasin me --

Chihuahua stifles Billy's words by clamping her hand over his mouth.

CHIHUAHUA
(in a whisper)
Don't be a crazy fool. You can come back later.

DOC'S VOICE
What the devil's taking you so long?

CHIHUAHUA
Just a minute!

Chihuahua herds Billy to the open window. He climbs through onto the roof.

BILLY
Get rid of him. I'll be waitin.

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

The door knob rattles.

CHIHUAHUA
Comin, Doc!

In order to alibi the delay, Chihuahua slips on a robe, unlocks the door and opens it.

CHIHUAHUA
Doc, your arm? What happened?

Doc brushes past her into the room -- followed by Wyatt.

DOC
Go on, ask her.

WYATT
You told me Doc gave you this.
(shows brooch)

CHIHUAHUA
(caught; therefore belligerent)
Well, he did. Doc don't remember <u>every</u> thing he gives me.

Doc grabs her gown in a tight fist -- almost lifting her off the floor.

DOC
You lying little --

CHIHUAHUA
Stop it, Doc. <u>Stop</u> it! What difference does it make?

DOC
The man who gave you that killed his brother. Now -- who gave it to you?

CHIHUAHUA
All right -- so Doc didn't give it to me.

Doc releases Chihuahua.

WYATT
<u>Who did</u>?

CHIHUAHUA
I ain't squealin.

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont. 1)

Doc -- his teeth clenched -- is about to grab her robe again.

CHIHUAHUA
Please don't, Doc. I'll tell -- if -- if you won't be sore. I only took it because --

DOC
I don't give a hoot why. Who was it?

CHIHUAHUA
Well -- it was --

Two shots ring out in rapid succession. Chihuahua's knees buckle. Doc grabs her and lowers her to the floor. Meanwhile, Wyatt has whirled and fired a quick shot through the window. As Doc bends over Chihuahua -- Wyatt, by hugging the wall, crosses to the window. The SOUND of horses' hoofs starting away is heard. Wyatt glances grimly down at Doc who is examining Chihuahua -- then exits through the window onto the roof.

175 EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - ROOF - FROM WYATT'S ANGLE

Billy Clanton, identifiable in the moonlight, is just rounding the corner into the alley. Wyatt fires after him - but misses. He returns his gun to its holster -- crosses to the edge of the roof and starts lowering himself to the ground -- in pursuit of Billy.

176 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - ALLEY INTERSECTION

A crowd -- attracted by the gunfire...has already collected. Discernible among them is Virgil. Billy Clanton rides out of the alley toward the street.

BILLY
Get out of my way!

Billy fires a shot into the air. The crowd quickly disperses and Billy tears through. Virgil draws his gun and fires. Billy returns the fire -- a couple of wild shots. Virgil mounts the horse nearest him and rides off after Billy. At this point Wyatt comes up and sees Virgil giving chase. He stands there, a bit undecided what to do when:

DOC'S VOICE
Hey, Marshal! Earp!

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

Wyatt, Clementine, the mayor and the others look up toward an open window. Doc is seen standing there.

DOC
Chihuahua's badly hurt. Better send for the army doctor at the fort.

MAYOR
Be four, five hours...time he gets here, Doc.

CLEMENTINE
(to mayor)
There's no need for that.
(to Wyatt)
Show me the way up, Mr. Earp.

As Wyatt, Clementine and the mayor go toward the rear of the Oriental.

DISSOLVE:

177 INT. CHIHUAHUA'S ROOM - (NIGHT)

Chihuahua is lying on her bed. Doc is standing near her as Clementine, followed by Wyatt and the mayor, enters.

DOC
She caught one in the back...deeply imbedded. She needs immediate attention.

CLEMENTINE
Why don't you look after her yourself, John?

DOC
No. It's a delicate job of probing. The bone deflected the bullet toward the heart. I'm...I'm too rusty... Besides...this.
(indicates his wounded arm)

CLEMENTINE
You can do it, John...and I'll help.
(to Wyatt)
Please, Mr. Earp, carry her downstairs. The kitchen would perhaps be better... the light is brighter there...it's warmer and we could have plenty of boiling water available.

As Wyatt starts to the bed...

177 (Cont.)

DOC
(protesting)
Clem, please...I...

CLEMENTINE
Go ahead, Mr. Earp.

Wyatt lifts Chihuahua from the bed and carries her from the room. The mayor follows.

DOC
(firmly)
Clem, I can't undertake this. It's too risky. I haven't had an instrument in my hand for over...

CLEMENTINE
You're still better qualified than anyone else here.

DOC
I won't do it. I'll have them send for the army doctor.

CLEMENTINE
She'll be dead by then. And you... you will never again have the courage to lift a scalpel. Shy away from it now, John, and you'll continue to... always.

DOC
But I -- I have no instruments...no...

CLEMENTINE
You're still shying away, John. You have instruments. I saw your kit in your room.

DOC
(caught; angry)
I tell you, Clem, that...

CLEMENTINE
(sternly; quietly)
You've got to do it, John. You've no alternative. Not only is her life at stake...yours is too.

DOC
(after a pause)
All right, Clem.

(CONTINUED)

177 (Cont. 1)

CLEM
(with a hopeful smile)
Oh thank heaven, John. Come, I'll help you.

As Doc and Clementine leave the room

DISSOLVE:

178 EXT. VALLEY - LONG SHOT (NIGHT)

Billy Clanton is riding hellbent for home across the moonlit valley.

179 EXT. VALLEY - CLOSE SHOT (PROCESS)

We see Billy begin to weave in the saddle. He transfers the reins from his blood-stained left hand to his right. The latter drops to his side limply. As he turns to look back, he grimaces with pain.

180 EXT. VALLEY - LONG SHOT

Off in the distance, Virgil can be seen riding toward CAMERA.

DISSOLVE:

181 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON

Grouped around the "operating" table are Doc and Clementine -- Wyatt (holding an oil lamp in his hand) Morgan, John Simpson, the Mayor, Kate Nelson, Johnny, the bartender, Francois and the Town Drunk. Doc, in his shirt sleeves, is examining the wound. Everyone is silent, Chihuahua -- her arms hanging on each side of the table -- reacts to the pressure from Doc's hands -- stirs -- moans -- breathes deeply and rapidly. Clementine, using a large kitchen fork, fishes the instruments out of the boiling water. During this:

CHIHUAHUA
(tearfully)
Help me -- please help me, Doc. Don't let me die. I promise -- I'll be good -- I'll go back home -- I'll...

SIMPSON
Keep a hold of them thoughts, gal.

CHIHUAHUA
I'll pray...I'll be good... I'll...

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.)

KATE
(indulgently)
Be still, dear.

CLEMENTINE
Let her talk. Good for body and soul.

Clementine hands Doc a curette.

DOC
(to (Chihuahua)
We haven't an anaesthetic. It's going to hurt like blazes. So scream, cry, talk -- do anything. Tell me when you're ready.

CHIHUAHUA
All right....

Doc signals for Wyatt to bring the lamp closer. Doc bends over Chihuahua.

182 EXT. CLANTON RANCH - YARD

Billy rides into the ranch yard. A few geese and chickens set up a squawk. A dog begins to bark. Billy tries to dismount. He can't --- the pain is too much.

BILLY
Pop! Phin! Ike!

The door opens -- and Old Man Clanton sticks his head out.

OLD MAN CLANTON
That you, Billy?

Slowly, Billy starts to slide off the saddle. Old Man Clanton rushes forward to catch him. Billy falls to the ground. Simultaneously, Ike, Sam and Phin come out of the house.

PHIN
What's the matter?

SAM
It's Billy.

IKE
Drunk again, huh.

Old Man Clanton bends over Billy. From the look on his face -- it is evident Billy is dead.

182 (Cont.)

OLD MAN CLANTON
(gravely)
Take him in the house.

Ike, Sam and Phin pick Billy up and start carrying him into the house.

183 EXT. VALLEY - MED. SHOT

Virgil riding hard. He pulls up short at a fork in the trail leading to the ranch house. He studies the house for a moment -- and spurs his horse forward. CAMERA FOLLOWS him into the yard. He sees Billy's lathered and steaming horse standing nearby. He dismounts, goes up to the door -- draws his gun, knocks on the door with it. There is no answer. He knocks again. Still no answer. He turns the knob and kicks the door in.

184 INT. CLANTON RANCH - LIVING ROOM

Virgil steps into the room. This is the tableau he sees. On a leather lounge lies Billy. Old Man Clanton is seated near him -- a shotgun across his lap. Sam and Phin stand on each side of their father. Ike leans against the wall. A terrifying silence follows. Then:

OLD MAN CLANTON
Don't know what he done -- but you can't arrest him now. He's dead.

VIRGIL
I'm sorry.

Sam and Ike and Phin start to draw. Old Man Clanton raises both hands -- restraining them.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Go your way.

Virgil turns and walks toward the door. As he gets to the doorway -- a shot rings out. Virgil slumps to the floor. As he falls out of CAMERA RANGE, we see Old Man Clanton's shotgun still smoking. After a moment, he rises.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Let's saddle up, sons.

185 INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - KITCHEN

The operation is still in progress. Doc's face is bathed with sweat. Clementine pats his forehead with a towel. He continues probing. Soon his face lights up.

DOC
Hand me the curette again.

Clementine hands him a curette.

DOC
You've been pretty brave. Keep it up a few seconds longer.

Doc bends down -- probes. Chihuahua bites her lips -- clenches her fists. Sweat stands out on her forehead. Soon she stiffens -- her neck goes limp -- and she faints.

KATE
Doc, she's --

DOC
Pain's too much for her. She's better off this way.

Kate mops Chihuahua's brow tenderly. While Doc continues probing -- we INTERCUT CLOSE SHOTS of Clementine, Wyatt and others looking on. Finally Doc pulls the bullet out and drops it into one of the pans. It makes a metallic sound as it hits.

DOC
That's it.

Chihuahua coming to -- sucks in her breath -- quivers convulsively.

KATE
(to Chihuahua)
Everything's fine now, dear.

DOC
(to Clementine)
Put on a dressing.
(to bartender)
Give her a glass of brandy.
(to Kate)
She must be kept perfectly still. Who can look after her?

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.)

KATE
I can. And now that it's over -- I confess I didn't have much confidence in you.

DOC
I didn't either.

The bartender returns -- gives Chihuahua a sip or two of brandy.

WYATT
(to Doc)
All right if we carry her over to Kate's on the table?

DOC
Fine.

WYATT
Lend a hand, men.

Morgan, Simpson, the Mayor, the Town Drunk each take hold of the table.

CHIHUAHUA
Thanks, Doc.

DOC
(to Chihuahua)
As I had expected, you were a darn good sport. I'll look in on you in a little while.

Wyatt and the others carry the "operating" table out of SHOT.

KATE
(to Doc)
I hope I ain't hurt your feelins none, Doc -- I mean Doctor.

Doc shakes his head pleasantly. Kate waves "good night" and exits SHOT -- leaving Doc and Clementine alone.

DOC
Doctor? Kate's just conferred a degree on me.

CLEMENTINE
(happy)
Let me wash your hands.

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.1)

Doc bends over and Clementine scrubs his bloodied hands in a dish pan.

CLEMENTINE
I'm so proud of you, John...

DOC
Frankly...for the first time in a long time...I'm kind of proud of myself...
(his face clouds)
-- for the time being, at least.

CLEMENTINE
Why only for the time being?

DOC
Well, the jury is still out. If she lives...

CLEMENTINE
Of course she will. No surgeon could have done a more skillful exploratory.

DOC
(with an uncertain smile)
Well we'll see.

Clementine takes a towel and dries his hands.

CLEMENTINE
Shall I look at your arm?

DOC
No-o. Nothing much.

CLEMENTINE
What happened?

DOC
Our good friend the marshal made a slight error in judgment.

Clementine smiles...finishes drying his hands and arms...slips his coat over his shoulders.

DOC
Thank you, Miss Carter. It's nice working with you again.

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.2)

CLEMENTINE
Enjoyed working with you, too, Doctor Holliday...and may I add that I am looking forward to getting my old job back with you in Boston.

DOC
I believe that is commonly known as jumping at conclusions.

CLEMENTINE
On the contrary, Doctor, when a woman says it...it is commonly known as a mathematical certainty.

DOC
Well, we'll see...

CLEMENTINE
(with a note of pleading)
You will think about coming back -- won't you, John?

DOC
(with a wan smile)
This is no time to burden a man's mind...with a very sick patient on his hands.
(pats her arm)
We'll talk about it.

DISSOLVE:

186 EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - PORCH

Doc and Clementine come out onto the porch and start down the steps. Suddenly there is the sound of galloping hoofbeats -- four shots ring out. Doc pushes Clementine against the wall, shielding her. Old Man Clanton, Ike, Sam and Phin on horses ride by. As they come opposite the Oriental -- a limp form is tumbled from one of the horses to the ground. The form rolls to a stop in the dust. It is Virgil. The Clantons ride on down the street -- shooting their guns into the dark sky.

From around the corner Wyatt and Morgan come running. Then their eyes light on Virgil's body. Slowly -- grimly they walk up to him in shocked silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

187 INT. JAIL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Wyatt -- grim-faced is carefully and deliberately cleaning his gun. Morgan impatiently strides up and down.

WYATT
We won't be goin after em for a spell yet, Morg. Better sit.

MORGAN
Can't figure you sometime, Wyatt. Here you sit -- calm -- just like you was fixin to go to a picnic -- and all the time my blood's boilin and racin.

WYATT
That's why you better sit.

MORGAN
What makes you so cocksure they didn't pull out of here? More than likely they're in the next county by now.

WYATT
More than likely they're holed in somewhere waiting for us to come a-shootin. Waitin and worryin.

MORGAN
Worryin?

WYATT
Yep -- worryin. Worryin and wonderin. Same as you're doin -- only more of it. Somethin about bein on the wrong side of the fence that kinda increases worryin. Pretty soon they get to passin the jug around. More they'll drink -- more they'll need. First thing you know, you got 'em at a disadvantage -- and all you've done to get it -- is sit and wait.

188 EXT. STREET - SHOOTING TOWARDS THE CORRAL (NIGHT)

The corral is silhouetted against the bright moon. CAMERA MOVES into the dark shadows. Out of the blackness, the crash of an empty bottle is heard.

OLD MAN CLANTON'S VOICE
(alertly)
What's that?

PHIN'S VOICE
Nothin. Ike just broke a whisky bottle.

OLD MAN CLANTON'S VOICE
Ain't there no more left?

IKE'S VOICE
Plenty. Pass the jug to Pop, Sam.

PHIN'S VOICE
I'm gettin fed up with this. If they're too yella to come after us -- why --

OLD MAN CLANTON'S VOICE
Shut up, Phin. When Old Simpson tells em I threw down a challenge -- they'll come.

IKE'S VOICE
(cocky)
And we'll be ready for em! Pass the jug back, Pop.

189 INT. JAIL - OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Wyatt is still cleaning his gun. Morgan is now doing likewise. The office door opens. Wyatt grabs his "first" gun -- remains seated. Morgan jumps to his feet. John Simpson and the Mayor enter.

SIMPSON
The Clantons is over to the O.K. Corral.

MAYOR
We shouted for them to come out peaceable and settle it fair and square before a court and jury.

(CONTINUED)

118

189 (Cont.)

SIMPSON
They wouldn't have it. They're spoilin for a showdown fight. Well, if that's what they want -- that's what we'll give em.
(with a look skyward)
The Lord forgivin me.

WYATT
It's our fight, Mr. Simpson.

MORGAN
Yeah. It's been our fight since we got here.

MAYOR
They're four of em. You're only two.

WYATT
Reckon it'll be pretty even time the shootin starts.

The door opens and Doc comes in -- without a word he grimly crosses to the arms rack.

WYATT
How's Chihuahua?

DOC
She's dead.
(selects a rifle)
When do we start?

WYATT
Sun-up.

DISSOLVE TO:

190 EXT. STREET - CORRAL - DAWN

In the faint light, we can see Old Man Clanton standing in a stall looking out over the lower half of the door. CAMERA MOVES IN -- and we see Ike, Sam, and Phin -- seated on the floor -- reclining against some bales of hay or bags of feed. Ike's eyes are heavy and full of sleep.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Get on your feet, Ike. Get up!

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

Ike gets up -- yawns -- stretches.

OLD MAN CLANTON
With daylight breakin -- somethin'll be startin pretty soon.

191 INT. JAIL - OFFICE

Simpson and the Mayor are seated catnapping. Wyatt -- tight-lipped sits with his feet on the desk -- his hands folded behind his head. Morgan -- a little tense -- rolls a cigarette. Doc sits with the rifle across his knees. Wyatt looks out through the window -- drops his feet off the desk.

WYATT
We can get goin now.

The Mayor and Simpson awaken.

WYATT
(to Morgan)
Take off your shoes.
(answers Morgan's and Doc's inquiring looks)
We're goin barefooted.

Wyatt, Morgan, and Doc take off their shoes. During this:

SIMPSON
Still won't take us?

WYATT
No -- but much obliged.

SIMPSON
Reckon it's fittin that I say a word to the Lord.
(looks skyward)
It's pretty simple what's goin on down here, Lord. You've seen these dad-blasted things go on afore -- and likely as not, You'll see em again. On one side is rustlin, thievin and killin. On the other is law and order and justice. We figger that's our side, Lord, and we ask Your help -- same as You gave it to Joshua at Jericho;

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

SIMPSON (Cont.)
same as when You pulled David from under the paw of the bear and the paw of the lion; same as when You made the whale throw up Jonah. Give Your blessins to these boys, Lord -- so they can smite our dad-blasted enemies and bring peace to our community forever. Amen.

All present say "Amen."

WYATT
Mighty fittin prayer. Thanks. There's one favor you men can do.

MAYOR
Name it.

192 EXT. STREET - CORRAL

Old Man Clanton is still standing guard at the door of the stall. He is getting tired.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Get up here, Phin, and spell me.

As he is about to turn away, his eyes brighten -- his face becomes alert.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Sam -- Phin -- Ike. Here they come. Three of 'em.

193 EXT. STREET - LONG SHOT - REVERSE (DAWN)

Coming out of the jail are three figures at the far end of the deserted street.

194 EXT. CORRAL - STALL

The Clantons are looking off -- their jaws set. Ike brings up his rifle.

IKE
There's three of 'em. Doc must be with 'em.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Not yet. Hold it.

195 EXT. STREET - LONG SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

The three figures seen previously walk into the long shadows and separate. One crosses the street to a Conestoga wagon -- another to a doorway... the third continues down the street alone.

196 EXT. CORRAL - STALL

The Clantons are peering down the street.

PHIN
I see only one of 'em.

Old Man Clanton nods.

197 EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT (PAN)

Standing in a doorway is the Mayor. CAMERA PANS across the street and reveals Simpson behind the Conestoga wagon. He signals to the Mayor to come out of the doorway and move farther down the street. The Mayor hurries out and, hugging the side of the buildings, proceeds down the street and shelters himself in another doorway.

198 EXT. STREET - CLOSER SHOT

We now see that the third of the trio was Wyatt. While the other two remain concealed, he continues on down the street, keeping well into the shadows whenever he can.

199 EXT. CORRAL - STALL

PHIN
(sighting)
I got a bead on him.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Wait till he's a mite closer.

200 EXT. ALLEY

Doc and Morgan stealthily making their way down the alley. As they near the corral, they flatten out against the wall of the end building. An open place about thirty feet wide separates the building from the corral. Both draw their guns.

DOC
(in a whisper)
When I wave my hand -- run for it.
I'll cover you.

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.)

MORGAN
What about you?

DOC
I'll follow.

Morgan stands ready -- his eye on Doc's raised arm. Doc signals -- Morgan takes off. When Morgan gets across to the corral -- Doc makes his run. The Clantons have their eyes fixed on the street.

201 EXT. STREET - WYATT

still coming...moving from one darkened doorway to the next.

202 EXT. CORRAL

The Clantons watching.

OLD MAN CLANTON
Somethin' funny about this. Only one of 'em.

PHIN
(sighting on him)
I'll get him next time he shows --

203 EXT. STREET

as Wyatt emerges from the shadows.

204 EXT. CORRAL - CLANTONS

Phin is just ready to squeeze one off when a shot blasts out from behind and he sprawls flat on his face. The others whirl around, shooting.

205 EXT. REAR OF CORRAL

Morgan and Doc, blasting away. Morgan is winged by one of the Clantons. Doc advances, firing.

206 EXT. CORRAL

The Clantons are being shot at from both front and back. From the street, Wyatt is moving in on them -- while Doc and the wounded Morgan are firing from the back end of the corral. As Morgan's leg gives way on him, Doc half drags him toward the safety of a pile of lumber. Doc is hit. Still shooting, he drops Sam Clanton. Then a second and a third shot hits Doc. Meanwhile, Wyatt gets

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.)

Ike, the last of the Clanton boys. Now only Old Man Clanton is left. From his place of semi-concealment he continues firing until his guns are empty -- then he stands up defiantly, throws his guns down and faces Wyatt.

OLD MAN CLANTON
All right. Go on, shoot. Get it over with.

WYATT
I'm not gonna kill you, Mr. Clanton. I'm gonna let you go -- free, scot-free. You're gettin out this territory and you're gonna keep on goin -- alone. You'll have lots to think about and plenty of time to do it in. Maybe someday you'll get to know how my Pa feels.

OLD MAN CLANTON
(terrified)
All right...all right. But I don't wanta get shot in the back.

WYATT
You won't. But that worry'll plague you the rest of your days. Get goin old man.

Old Man Clanton slinks over to a horse....mounts it and rides away into the valley. Wyatt looks after him a moment -- then looks around for Morgan and Doc.

WYATT
Morg! Doc!

There is no answer.

WYATT
Morg! Doc!

MORGAN'S VOICE
Here, Wyatt.

Wyatt rushes to the rear of the corral. There he finds Morgan leaning against the walll...his leg bloody. Doc is sprawled out, dead. Wyatt takes in the scene quickly.

WYATT
(grimly)
They got him, huh?

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.1)

MORGAN
(with admiration)
Yeah. Took three balls to do it though.

From a distance VOICES of people approaching are heard. Wyatt looks about him.

WYATT
I'll get his boots.

As Wyatt starts away

FADE OUT

FADE IN

208 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - LONG SHOT

A buckboard driven by Morgan -- who has one leg bandaged and extended -- comes toward camera. A saddleless horse is haltered to the back of the buckboard. Clementine is seated near Morgan. Wyatt on horseback rides beside the wagon. Both men turn and wave to the townspeople who are seen at a distance grouped together before the Mansion House.

209 EXT. TOMBSTONE STREET - EDGE OF TOWN - REVERSE

The buckboard and Wyatt pass the O. K. Corral and come to the very edge of town.

CLEMENTINE
I think I'll get off here.

Morgan pulls up. Clementine hops off the wagon.

CLEMENTINE
(to Morgan)
Thank you, Mr. Earp. I hope your leg gets along well.

MORGAN
It will.....thanks to you. And it's been a pleasure knowin you, ma'am.

Clementine acknowledges the compliment with a smile. Morgan drives out of SHOT as Wyatt dismounts.

CLEMENTINE
I -- I rode out with you because.... there were so many things I wanted to tell you. And now....nothing seems appropriate.

WYATT
The mayor tells me you're stayin on to help them get a school goin.

CLEMENTINE
They need one so badly...

WYATT
Mighty nice of you, ma'am.

CLEMENTINE
And you, Mr. Earp? Will you go back to ranching...or will you ---

(CONTINUED)

209 (Cont.)

WYATT
No more marshalin, ma'am....if that's what you mean. Maybe after Morg and me see Pa and everythin....why maybe I'll come East for some cattle and -- maybe I'll be comin this way again sometime. Well --
(extends his hand)
Goodbye, ma'am.

CLEMENTINE
(shakes his hand)
Goodbye, Mr. Earp.

Wyatt mounts his horse...looks down at Clementine for a long moment.

WYATT
I sure like the name Clementine, ma'am.

Wyatt rides off. CAMERA PULLS BACK and HOLDS on Clementine standing there looking after him, as we

FADE OUT

THE END

FADE IN

30 LONG SHOT - JAMES' GRAVE (Sersen Shot against the Process Plate)

We see the grave covered with the rocks and a crude marker. Wyatt's horse stands to one side and Wyatt himself is kneeling beside the grave, putting a few last slabs of rock on it.

30-A CLOSE SHOT

The wooden marker on the grave, crudely marked as if done with a branding iron, the letters roughly burned in. It reads:

JAMES EARP
Born 1864
Died 1882

30-B CLOSE SHOT AT GRAVE

Wyatt reads the inscription, half aloud, half to himself.

WYATT
Eighteen sixty-four -- eighteen eighty-two -- eighteen years.
(he pauses for a moment; then:)
Didn't get much of a chance, did you, James?

He pauses reflectively, perhaps puts another rock on the mound.

WYATT
I wrote to Pa and to Corie Sue. They'll both be all busted up over it. Corie Sue is young. But Pa -- guess he'll never get over it.

30-C ANOTHER ANGLE

Wyatt rises, looks around for a moment, then says:

WYATT
I'll be comin' out to see you regular, James. So will Morg and Virg. We're gonna be around here for a spell. Can't tell -- maybe when we leave this country -- young kids like you will be able to grow up -- and live safe....

30-D LONG SHOT

Wyatt turns and slowly starts toward his horse. He gets on, looks back at the grave, rides away.

DISSOLVE TO:

97 EXT. PORCH BEHIND THE KITCHEN - NIGHT (PROCESS PLATE)

Doc Holliday has just finished his coughing spell. Clementine enters scene to him.

CLEMENTINE
You are ill, John. So that's the reason you left.

DOC
(harshly)
It had nothing to do with it.

CLEMENTINE
Foolish -- foolish John. As if that would have mattered.

DOC
I tell you again, Clem -- the condition of my health had nothing to do with it.

CLEMENTINE
I don't believe you, John.

DOC
All right. Then I'll tell you the truth. The man you once knew is gone. There's not a vestige of him left. Nothing. Now come on -- I'll take you back to the hotel.

He starts to take her out of scene. She stops him.

CLEMENTINE
Please, John -- you can't send me away like this. And you can't run away from me -- any more than you can run away from yourself.

She looks into his eyes. For a moment he hesitates and we see a shadow of doubt in him. Then he realizes he can't cope with her argument.

DOC
Look, Clem -- we've always been frank with one another. John Holliday is dead. Everything was buried with him -- his dreams, his ambitions -- yes, even his love for Clementine Carter.
(he pauses)
There's a stage coach leaving here for the east tomorrow. Please take it -- if you don't, I'm moving on.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

For a moment she looks at him.

CLEMENTINE
Very well, John. I'll go.

He takes her by the arm and they exit scene.

189-A INT. JAIL - DAWN LIGHT - CLOSEUP DOC HOLLIDAY

(This shot to cut into action already shot. It must match the turn in the action.)

DOC
She's dead.

He looks down at his hands, and there is a touch of irony in his voice when he speaks:

DOC
Doctor John Holliday...
(a small derisive laugh)
When do we start?

97 EXT. PORCH BEHIND THE KITCHEN - NIGHT (PROCESS PLATE)

Doc Holliday has just finished his coughing spell. Clementine enters scene to him.

CLEMENTINE
You are ill, John. So that's the reason you left.

DOC
(harshly)
It had nothing to do with it.

CLEMENTINE
Foolish -- foolish John. As if that would have mattered.

DOC
I tell you again, Clem -- the condition of my health had nothing to do with it.

CLEMENTINE
I don't believe you, John.

DOC
All right. Then I'll tell you the truth. The man you once knew is gone. There's not a vestige of him left. Nothing. Now come on - I'll take you back to the hotel.

He starts to take her out of scene. She stops him.

CLEMENTINE
Please, John -- you can't send me away like this. And you can't run away from me -- any more than you can run away from yourself.

She looks into his eyes and then the pleading voice continues:

CLEMENTINE
Now I know why you don't care whether you live or die -- why you've tried to get yourself killed. Oh, I've heard all about you, John. But you're wrong -- wrong. You have no right to destroy yourself. You have a world of friends back home who love you, John -- and I love you.

For a moment he hesitates and we know that her argument has hit him right between the eyes. He avoids her look and he speaks:

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

JOHN
Look, Clem -- we have always been frank with one another. You're talking about a man that's already dead. John Holliday is dead. Everything was buried with him -- his dreams, his ambitions -- yes, even his love for Clementine Carter.

He pauses and his manner becomes a trifle more harsh.

JOHN
There's a stage coach leaving here tomorrow for the East. Take it. If you don't -- I'm moving on.

For a long moment she looks at him and their eyes meet. Then in a quiet voice she speaks:

CLEMENTINE
Very well, John. I'll go.

He takes her by the arm and they exit.